HUDIBR

The First Part.

Written in the time of the

Late Wars.

CORRECTED & AMENDED

WITH

Several Additions and Annotations.

LONDON,

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The Fifth Part

Written in the time of the

Long-Wars;

CORRECTED & ANNEXED

WITH

Several Additions and Annotations

Printed by
are to be

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

Sir Hudibras *his passing worth,*
The manner how he sally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO I.

WHen *civil* Fury first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame *Religion* as for Punk,

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them know wherefore:
When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to Battel sounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

A Wight he was whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirror of Knighthood*;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on Shoulder-blade;
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for Warrant:

Great

Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o're, as ſwaddle:
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So ſome Rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wiſe, or ſtout.
Some hold the one, and ſome the other:
But howſoe'r they make a pother,
The difference was ſo ſmall, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain:
Which made ſome take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
And offer to lay wagers, that
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an Aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir *Hudibras*.

(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)
But they'r mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shie of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about.
Unless on Holy-days, or so,
As Men their best Apparel do.
Beside 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek;
That *Latine* was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both he never scanted
His Bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.

For *Hebrew* Roots, although th'are found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd:
And truly ſo perhaps, he was
'Tis many a Pious Chriſtians caſe.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South-Weſt* ſide:
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horſe.
He'd prove a Buzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;

A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,
And Rooks *Committee-men* and *Trustees*
He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogism, true
In Mood and Figure, he would do.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a Trope;
And when he happed to break off
I'th middle of his speech, or cough,
H'had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a Rhetoricians Rules
Teach nothing but to name his Tools;

His ordinary Rate of speech
In loftiness of sound was rich,
A *Babilonish* dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect.
It was a parti-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages:
'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.
Which made some think when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
A Leash of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'r be spent,
And truly to support that charge
He had supplies as vast and large.

For

For he could coyn or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit:
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em.
That had the Orator who once,
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble stones
When he harangu'd; but known his Phrase
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater.
Then *Tycho-Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*:
For he by *Geometrick* scale
Could take the size of *Pots of Ale*;
Resolve by Signes, and Tangents straight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;

And

And wisely tell what hour o'th day
The Clock does strike, by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher*;
And had read every Text and Gloss over:
What e're the crabbed'st Author hath
He understood b'implicit Faith,
What ever *Sceptick* could inquere for;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore*:
Knew more then forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either said or sung.
His Notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;

But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as Great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to Acts
And knew their Natures by Abstracts,
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies flie;
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphysick* yelt can fly;
In *School-Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;
Profound in all the Nominal,
And real ways beyond them all;
And with as delicate a hand
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;

Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be lett unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab her self with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies:
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove,
Below the Moon, or else above
What *Adam* dream't of when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his side:

Whether

Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High Dutch* Interpreter,
If either of them had a Navel;
Who first made Musick malleable:
Whether the Serpent at the fall
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this without a Gloss or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*:

Such

Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controversies by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks*;
Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odd perverse Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and spleenatick,
Than Dog distract, or Monky sick,

That

That with more care keep Holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way?
Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spight.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All Piety consists therein
In them, in other men all Sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with *mince Pies*, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, *Plum-porridge*;
Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the *Nose*.

Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet's*, were As and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight by fast instinct
Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
As if Hypocrisy and Non-sense
Had got th' Advouson of his Conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accoutred,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen Sirs, It followeth thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equal grace
Both of his Wisdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dy so like a Tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was Whey,
The neither Orange mixt with Grey.

This hairy Meteor did denounce
The fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
With grizly type did represent
Declining Age of Government;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made
Like *Sampson*'s Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfall.
It was Canonick, and did grow
In Holy Orders by strict vow;
Of Rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere*:
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution
And Martyrdome with resolution;
T' oppose it self against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed State:

In

In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as Monarchy should last.
But when the State should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate
A Sacrifice to fall of States,
Whose thred of life the fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its Whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty Sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Would last as long as Parent breech:
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load.
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
Upon his Shoulders through the Fire:
Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:
Which now had almost got the Upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper
To poize this equally, that bore
A *Paunch* of the same bulk before:

Which

Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well cram'd with thrifty fare;
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Country houſe affords;
With other Victual, which anon
We further ſhall dilate upon,
When of his Hoſe we come to treat,
The Cup-bord where he kept his meat.

His *Doublet* was of ſturdy Buff,
And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
That fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,
And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*;
To old King *Harry* ſo well known,
Some Writers held they were his own.

Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,
And fat Black-puddings, proper food
For Warriers that delight in Blood:
For, as we said, He always chose
To carry Vittle in his Hose.
That often tempted Rats, and Mice,
The Ammunition to surprize:
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or th'other Magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood
And from the wounded Foe drew blood,
And till th' were storm'd, and beaten out
Ne'r left the Fortify'd Redoubt;
And though Knights Errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough Deserts vast,
And Regions desolate they past,

Where

Where Belly-timber above ground
Or under was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Proviſion on Record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs, but to fight,
'Tis falſe: for *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table, ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hoſe;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all his Knights could eat,
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfaſts or their Nuncheons,
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget where we digreſt;

As Learned Authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant *Sword* unto his side
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd,
With Basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for Fight and Dinner both.
In it he melted Lead for Bullets
To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
He ne'r gave quarter t'any such.
The trenchant blade, *Toledo* trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into it self, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.
The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The Rancor of its Edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handfull,
It had devoured 'twas so manfull;

And

And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate Attempts,
Of Wars, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Than Sergant *Bum*, invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta'ne possession,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toast Cheese or Bacon, though it were

To bait a Mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean ſhooes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and ſo forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.

In th' Holſters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged Piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his Hoſe he could not get.
They were upon hard Duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood Sentinel,
To guard the Magazine i'th' Hoſe
From two legg'd and from four legg'd Foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active force
He got on th' outſide of his *Horſe*;
For having but one ſtirrup ty'd
T' his Saddle, on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort, h'had much ado
To reach it with his deſperate Toe,
But after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to the Saddle eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' ſeat
With ſo much vigor, ſtrength, and heat
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on Tail and Mane,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of Reyn.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*.
The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With Mouth of meal and Eyes of Wall:
I would say Eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave, majestick state.
At Spur or Switch no mor he skipt,
Or mended pace, then *Spaniard* whipt:
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he grive'd to touch the Ground:
That *Cæsar*'s Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoost,
Nor trode upon the ground so soft.

And as that Beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of Leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd:
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd heel or with unarm'd kickt:
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir

To active trot one side of's Horse,
The other would not hang an Arse.

A *Squire* he had whose name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half:
(Though Writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meeter safe,
We'l call him so, if not plain *Raph*,
For Rhime the Rudder is of Verses,
With which like Ships they steer their courses.
An equal stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Castle fair
To his great Ancestor, her Heir:

From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith and warlike Fights
Against the bloudy Canibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And by another way came by't,
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New light*;
A liberal Art, that costs no pains
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
His Wits were sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken.
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt.

He

He ne'r consider'd it, as loath
To look a Gift-Horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too.
For Saints themselves will sometimes be
Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,
He could deep Mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a Needle;
For as of Vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'r beside their way:
Whate'r men speak by this *New light*,
Still they are sure to be i'th' right.
'Tis a *dark Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it:

A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to couſen by:
An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches,
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom in dirty pond;
To dive like Wild-foul for Salvation,
And fiſh to catch Regeneration.
This Light inſpires, and plays upon
The noiſe of Saint like Bag-pipe drone,
And ſpeaks through hollow empty Soul,
As through a Trunk, or whiſp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal Ear
But ſpiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phœbus* or ſome friendly Muſe
Into ſmall Poets ſong infuſe;
Which they at ſecond-hand reherſe
Through Reed or Bag-pipe, Verſe for Verſe.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four-legg'd Oracle,
The ancient Cup, or modern Chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware:

For myſtick Learning, wonderous able
In Magick *Taliſman*, and *Cabal*,
Whoſe primitive tradition reaches
As far as *Adam*'s firſt green breches:
Deep-ſighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' Intelligible world could ſay;
A deep occult Philoſopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Iriſh* are,
Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And ſolid Lying much renown'd:

He *Anthroposophus*, and *Flud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* understood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That would do neither good nor harm?
In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
As he that *Vere Adeptus* earned.
He understood the speech of Birds
As well as they themselves do words:
Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk*.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a Glass, like water,
Of Sov'raign pow'r to make men wise;
For dropt in blere, thick-lighted Eies,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light.

By help of these (as he profest)
He had *First Matter* seen undrest:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one Rag of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd:
Not that of Past-board which men shew
For Groats at Fair of *Bartholomew*;
But its great Grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came:
Both Cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was, some say,
O' th' younger house to *Puppet-play*.
He could foretell whats'ever was
By consequence, to come to pass.
As Death of Great men, Alterations,
Diseases, Battels, Inundations.

All

All this without th' eclipſe of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done:
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood.
But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſly charge
Upon themſelves what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All miſchief in the World men do:
Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and ſway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'l ſearch a Planet's houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below:
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*
Who ſtole a Thimble or a Spoon:
And though they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very looks can gueſs,

And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
They'l queſtion *Mars*, and by his look
Deteſt who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſs and peach
Thoſe Thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'l find i' th' Phiſiognomies
O' th' Planets all mens deſtinies.
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' Pill.
Caſt the Nativity o' th' Queſtion,
And from Poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't.
They'l feel the Pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Cryſis* does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine,

In

In men what gives or cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fools or Knaves;
But not what wiſe, for only of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the Aſtrologians.
There they ſay right, and like true *Trojans*.
This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other courſe, of which we ſpoke.

Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, perilous ſhrewd.
Never did truſty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Vertues, parts, and wit.

Their Valours too were of a Rate,
And out they ſally'd at the Gate;
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
For they a ſad Adventure met,
Of which we now prepare to Treat:
But e'r we venture to unfold
Atchiev'ments ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome *Muſe*;
However Criticks count it ſillier
Than Juglers talking t'a Familiar.
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They 're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt.

Thou

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,
Didſt inſpire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*,
And force them, though it were in ſpight
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;
Who, as we find in ſullen Writs,
And croſs-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The praiſes of the Author, penn'd
By himſelf, or wit-enſuing friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked Hill
To make men ſcribble without skill,
Canſt make a Poet, ſpight of fate,
And teach all People to tranſlate;
Though out of Languages in which
They underſtand no Part of Speech:

Aſſiſt

Assist me but this once, I'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In Western Clime there is a Town
To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be sed here
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.
To this Town People did repair
On days of Market or of Fair,
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor
In merriment did drudge and labor:
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village rabble.
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call *Bear-baiting*:

A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient *Hero's* in high prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Isthmian* or *Nemean* game.
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemispere,
And round about the Pole does make
A circle like a Bear at stake,
That at the Chain's end wheels about,
And over-turns the Rabble-rout.
For after solemn Proclamation
In the Bear's name (as is the fashion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of Bear;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;

If they come wounded off and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim.
Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honor to make good his ground.
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But let them know at their own cost
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of Arms,
(For in the hurry of a Fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd h' was bound to do
In Conscience and Commission too.

nd therefore thus bespoke the Squire;
Ve that are wisely mounted higher
han Constables, in Cutule wit,
hen on Tribunal bench we sit,
ike Speculators, should foresee,
rom *Pharos* of Authority.
ortended Mischiefs further then
ow Proletarian Tithing-men.
nd therefore being inform'd by bruit,
hat *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute;
or so of late men fighting name,
ecause they often prove the same;
For where the first does hap to be,
he last does *coincidere*.)
uantum in nobis, have thought good,
o save th' expence of Christian bloud,

And

And try if we by Mediation
Of Treaty and accommodation
Can end the Quarrel, and compose
The bloudy Duel without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives
Enough at once to lye at stake,
For *Cov'nant* and the *Cause*'s sake;
But in the quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we must venture theirs?
This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,
By *evil Counsel* is fomented:
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *Nare olfact* it not)
A deep design in't, to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting Brother against Brother,
To claw and curry one another.

Have

Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *Cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause?
That some occult design doth ly
In bloudy *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it:
Unless by providential wit
Or force we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest
Can Beast have to encounter Beast?
They fight for no espoused *Cause*,
Frail *Priviledge*, *Fundemental Laws*;
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Protestation*;

Nor

Nor *Liberty of Conſciences*,
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,
To get them in their own no Hands;
Nor *evil Counſellors* to bring
To Juſtice that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the worſhip of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' *Egyptians* worſhiped *Dogs*, and for
Their faith made fierce and zealous War.
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and ſome
For that Church ſuffer'd martyrdome.
The *Indians* fought for the truth
Of th' *Elephent*, and *Monkey's* Tooth:
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
But no Beaſts ever was ſo ſlight,
For Man, as for his God, to fight.

They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so.
But we, we only do infuse
The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.
'Tis our example that instills
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late Philosphers
Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.
Just so by our example Cattle
Learn to give one another Battel.
We read in *Nero*'s time, the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the *Christian Brethren*,
They sow'd them in the skins of Bears,
And then set Dogs about their Ears:
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The Point seems very plain to be.
It is an Antichristian Game,
Unlawful both in thing and name,
First for the *name*, The word *Bear-baiting*
Is carnal, and of man's creating:
For certainly there's no such word
In all the *Scripture* on record.
Therefore unlawful and a sin,
And so is (secondly) the *thing*.
A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than
Provincial, *Classick*, *National*;
Mere humane Creature-Cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is Idolatrous.
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their Inventions whatsoe'r
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,

It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*
No less than worshiping of *Dagon*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate;
For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim* as thou say'st:
(For that *Bear-baiting* should appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I)
Yet there's a fallacy in this:
For if by sly *Homœosis*,
Thou wouldst Sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
But *Bear-baiting* may be made out

In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or *Parochial Classis*:
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all as well as sin,
That put them in a bag and shake 'em,
Your self o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their Wickedness:
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Id est, to make a Leek a Cabbage.
Thou canst at best but overstrain
A Paradox, and th' own not brain

For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting*?
A just comparison still is,
Of things *ejusdem generis*.
And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Include, and comprehend them both?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As justly pass for *Bears* as they.
For we are Animals no less,
Although of different *Species*es.
But, *Ralpho* this is no fit place
Nor time to argue out the Case:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit
Another manner of Dispute.

A Controversy that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we must manage at a rate
Of Prowess and Conduct adæquate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
W' are slurr'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit:
For whatsoe're we perpetrate,
We do but row, w'are steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions:
Nor do the boldest attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;

But ſometimes fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and Cowardiſe ſucceed.
Yet we have no great cauſe to doubt,
Our actions ſtill have born us out.
Which though th' are known to be ſo ample,
We need no copy from example,
We'are not the only perſon durſt,
Attempt this Province, nor the firſt.
In Northern Clime a valorous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of theſe the objects of our wroth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
Th' Attempt or Victory to come.
'Tis ſung, There is a valiant *Mamaluke*
In forreign Land, yclep'd——
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Perſon, Parts, Addreſs, and Beard;

Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame Cauſe both have fought.
He oft in ſuch Attempts as theſe
Came off with glory and ſucceſs,
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal Reſolution.
Honor is, like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on;
With entring manfully, and urging;
Not ſlow approaches, like a Virgin.

This ſaid, as once the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with ruſty ſteel did ſmite
His *Trojan* Horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,

And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind.
So have I seen with armed heel,
A Wight bestride a *Common-weal*;
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.

THE

The ARGUMENT of The SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemies best Men of War;
Whom in a bold Harangue, the Knight
Defy's, and challenges to fight:
H' incounters Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fidler *Priſoner;*
Conveys him to enchanted Caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in Wooden Baſtile.

CANTO II.

THere was an ancient ſage *Philoſopher*,
That had read *Alexander Roſs* over,
And ſwore the World, as he could prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love*:
Juſt ſo *Romances* are, for what elſe
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battles*?

O' th

O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a World o'th' latter:
In which to do the injur'd Right
We mean in what concerns just fight,
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a Palace in the place.)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valors
Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors.
So a wild *Tartar*, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,

If

If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a Giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'rthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt.
A man should have his Brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large Bones;
As men kill Beavers for their Stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked Truth of what befell;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither Faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert;
And never coyn a formal lye on't,
To make the *Knight* o'rcome the *Giant*.

This b'ing profeſt, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rod, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to ſay, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do term't, or *Succuſſation*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how.
Yet ſome from ſubtle hints have got
Myſterious light, it was a Trot.
But let that paſs: they now begun
To ſpur their living Engines on:
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The learned hold, are Animals:
So Horſes they affirm to be
Mere Engines made by Geometry,

And

And were invented first from Engins,
As *Indian Britans* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain,
Which the Enemy did then incamp,
The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where Battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren
Who now began to take the Field:
As from his Steed the Knight beheld
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much further off, much further he
Rais'd on his aged Beast could see:
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the enemy.

And therefore order'd the bold Squire
T' advance, and view their Body nigher,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himself for Martial deed:
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward,
Courage within, and Steel without,
To give, or to receive a Rout.
His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbard:
And after many a painful pluck,
He clear'd at length the rugged Tuck.
Then shook himself, to see that Prowess
In Scabbard of his Arms sate loose;

And

And rais'd upon his desperate foot
On stirrup side he gaz'd about,
Portending Blood, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
Than could b' expected from his Steed;
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had survey'd
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *Van*, *main Battel*, *Wings* and *Rear*.

In th' head of all this Warlike Rabble
Crowdero match'd, expert and able:
Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warrier's stomach come,
Whose noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vineger.

(For if a Trumpet ſound or Drum beat,
Who has not a months mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his Neck, on North-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the Hangman does diſpoſe
To ſpecial friends the fatal Nooſe:
For 'tis *great Grace* when *Statſmen* ſtraight
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o're the ſtrings,
Which was but *Souce* to *Chiterlings*:
For Guts, ſome write, e're they are ſodden,
Are fit for Muſick, or for Pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minſtrelſy, by ſtring or wind.
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick.
For he no Horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For when on his own chin he grew.

Chiron, the four legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own growth,
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his Beard.
In *Staffordshire* where Vertuous worth
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King
And Ruler, o're the men of string;
(As once in *Persia*, tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his *Leg* then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oke:
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt;
Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger Brother.

Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for
Wise Conduct, and success in War:
A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshal to the Champion Bear.
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-head,
The Warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face:
Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,
Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.
This Leader was of knowledge great,
Either for Charge or for Retreat.
Knew when t' engage his *Bear* Pel-mel,
And when to bring him off as well.
So Lawyers, left the *Bear* Defendant,
And Plaintiff *Dog* should make an end on't,

Do ſtave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverſe of Judgment, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breath a while, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them on again.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloudy fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline moſt rare is,
In Military *Gardens Paris*.
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Until ſome ſplay-foot Polyticians,
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licenſing a new invention
Th' 'ad found out, of an antique Engine,
To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Garden at a blow,

And leave th' Herbs standing, Quoth Sir *Guy*,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done? quoth *Statesmen*; yes an't please ye,
When 'tis once known you'l say 'tis easy.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.
We'l beat a Drum, and they'l all follow.
A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty invention quaint and new.
But though of Voice and Instrument
We are ('tis true) chief President;
We such loud Musick do not profess,
The Devil's Master of that Office.
Where it must pass, if 't be a Drum,
He'l sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply your selves, and he
Will soon dispatch you for his Fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
Th' had better have let let them grow there still.

But to resume what we discoursing
We e on before, that is, stout *Orsin*
That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
Than any other Warrior, (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.
He was of great descent and high,
For Splendor and Antiquity,
And from Celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right Line,
Not as the ancient *Hero's* did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himself and others
O' th' Gods Gallants to their own Mothers,

(To get on them a Race of Champions,
Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons*)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Ancestor:
From him his Great Forefathers came.
And in all Ages bore his name.
Learned he was in Medc'nal Lore,
For by his side a Pouch he wore
Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds six miles point-blanck would solder
By skilful *Chymist* with great cost
Extracted from a rotten Post;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which Mountebanks dispense;
Though by *Promothean* Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade.
For as when Slovens do amiss
At others doors by Stool or Piss,

The learned write, a Red-hot Spit,
Being prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the Dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus vertuous *Orsin* was endu'd,
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,
A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred Men of War;
So he appear'd and by his skill,
No less than Dint of Sword could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* marcht next him,
With Visage formidably grim,

And rugged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own kin;
Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Nose, like *Indian* King,
He wore for ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as treabled leathern Target;
Armed, as Heraulds *cant*, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar say, *sharp fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray;
So Swords, in Men of War are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.
He was by birth, some Authors write,
A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*,
And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diminals* read,

That

That serve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin:
And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
And though his Countrey-men, the *Huns*,
Did use to stew between their *Buns*,
And their warm Horses backs, their meat
And ev'ry man his Saddle eat:
He was not half so nice as they,
But eat it raw when't came in's way.
He had trac'd Countreys far and near,
More than *La Blanc* the Traveller;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*
Of noble house a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthies,
As stout as any upon Earth is.

Full

Full many a Fight for him between
Talgol and *Orsie* oft had been;
Each striving to deserve the Crown
Of a sav'd Citizen: the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By several spurs of neighborhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood
But *Talgol*, mortal foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repayd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner than he fought;
Inur'd to labor, sweat, and toyl,
And, like a Champion, shone with Oyl.

Right

Right many a Widow his keen blade,
And many a Fatherless, had made;
He many a *Bore* and huge *Dun Cow*
Did, like another *Guy* o'rethrow.
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the *Bore* or *Dun Cow* fer'd,
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had faught,
Than *Ajax* or bold *Don Quixot*:
And many a Serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,
Subdu'd; as Poets say, long agone
Bold *Sir George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*.
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though stor'd with Deletery Medicines,
(Which whosoever took is Dead since)
E're sent so vast a Colony
To both the under Worlds as he.

For he was of that noble Trade
That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head;
The Trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean:
The former rides in Triumph for it;
The later in a two wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to prophane a thing
So Sacred, with vile bungling.

Next these brave the *Magnavi* came,
Magnano great in Martial Fame,
Yet when with Oxen he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't;
Yet he was fierce as Forreſt-Boar,
Whoſe Spoils upon his Back he wore,

As thick as *Ajax* seven-fold Shield,
Which o're his brazen Arms he held.
But Brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest Iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-head*;
Profoundly skill'd in the black Art,
As *English Merlin* for his heart;
But far more skilful in the Spheres
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.
He could transform himself in Colour
As like the Devil as a Collier;
As like as Hypocrites in show
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of warlike Engines he was Author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The *Cannon*, *Blunderbuss*, and *Saker*,
He was th' inventer of and maker:
The *Trumpet* and the *Kettle-Drum*
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the first that e'r did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A Lance he bore with Iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike:
And when their forces he had joyn'd,
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Than burnish'd Armor of her Knight;
A bold *Virago*, stout and tall
As *Joan* of *France*, or *English Mall*.

Through

Through perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge surprize,
She shar'd in th' hazard and the prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forrage,
Behav'd her self with matchless courage;
And laid about in fight more busily,
Than th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Penthesile.*

And though some Criticks here cry shame,
And say our Authors are to blame,
That spight of all Philosophers,
Who hold no Females stout, but Bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
Their Women should pretend to War,

They would not suffer the stout'st Dame
To swear by *Hercules* his Name,
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their native Arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride a-stride;
To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
And she that would have been the Mistriss
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,
And rather took a Countrey Lass:
They say 'tis false, without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To Government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in Prose:
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'l find about her no such thing.

It may be so, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'l prove it true upon record,

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,
Of all his Race the Valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like *Hercles*, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side.
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muses deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide shield would pierce,

And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his;
With whom his black thumb'd Ancestor
Was Comrade in the ten years War:
For when the restless *Greeks* set down
So many years before *Troy* Town,
And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-sol'd Boots*, no less than Fights;
They ow'd that Glory only to
His Ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to *Reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion:
Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
And would make three, to cure one flaw:
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote:
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant;

He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like Ram or Bull, at *Conventicle*:
For Diſputants like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that ſpring from *Skulls*.

Laſt *Colon* came, bold man of War,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of Horſe,
But cruel, and without remorſe.
That which of *Centaure* long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horſe* were of a piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame Vigor, Fury Wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart;

Although his Horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on Man's fleſh, as Fame goes.
Strange food for Horſe! and yet, alaſs,
It may be true, for *Fleſh is Graſs.*
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than *Hercules* to cleanſe a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in Hog or Neat.
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cauſe ſhe wanted fother
And Provender wherewith to feed
Himſelf and his leſs-cruel Steed.
It was a queſtion whether He
Or 's Horſe were of a Family
More Worſhipful: till Antiquaries,
(After th' ad almoſt por'd out their Eies)
Did very learnedly decide
The buſineſs on the Horſe 's ſide,

And prov'd not only Horſe, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder houſe:
For Beaſts, when Man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.

Theſe Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants, each in the head,
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of ſeveral Countreys round about;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of Eaſt and Weſtern Hemiſpheres:
From forain Pariſhes and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,
Came Men and Maſtives; ſome to fight
For Fame and Honor, ſome for ſight.

And now the field of Death, the lists,
Were entred by Antagonists,
And bloud was ready to be broached;
When *Hudibras* in haste approached,
With Squire and Weapons to attack them:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake them.

What Rage, O Citizens, what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What *Oestrum*, what phrenetick mood
Makes you thus lavish of your bloud,
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks——ghost?
What Towns, what Garrisons might you
With hazard of this bloud subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall *Saints* in Civil bloudſhed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cauſe* lie fallow?
The *Cauſe* for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o're?
Then becauſe Quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League and Covenant*
Will ſeem a meer *God-dam me* Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make War *for the King*
Againſt himſelf, the ſalf-ſame thing
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we do
For *God* and for *Religion* too.
For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do?
The Bloud and Treaſure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.

Are these the fruits o' th' *Protestation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*,
Which all the *Saints*, and some, since *Martyrs*,
Wore in their Hats, like Wedding-Garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the Town
Joyn throats to cry the *Bishops* down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)
As Members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching *Kettle*.
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.

The *Oyſter-women* lock'd their Fiſh up,
And trudg'd away to cry *No Biſhop.*
The *Mouſetrap-men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainſt *Evil Counſellors* did cry.
Botchers left old Cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church.*
Some cry'd the *Covenant* inſtead
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread*:
And ſome for *Broom, old Boots and Shooes,*
Baul'd out to *purge the Common's Houſe*:
Inſtead of *Kitchinſtuff*, ſome cry
A *Goſpel-preaching-Miniſtry*;
And ſome for *Old Suits, Coats*, or *Cloak*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-book.*
A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to *Reformation.*
And is this all? is this the end
To which theſe *carrings on* did tend?

Hath

Hath *Publick Faith* like a young heir
For this tak'n up all sorts of Ware,
And run int' ev'ry Tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *Saints* for this bring in the *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coyn *Piss pots*, *Bowls*, and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musqueteers
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the *Dragon's teeth* being sown.
Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* offrings, consecrate.

Like

Like th' *Hebrew-calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell proſtrate, to adore it.
So ſay the *Wicked*--and will you
Make that Sarcaſmous Scandal true.
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean than Calves or Steers?
Have *pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their tongues,
And *laid* themſelves *out* and their Lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I' th' power of *Goſpel-Preaching Miniſter?*
Have they invented *Tones*, to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in
The Men, as *Indians* with a Female
Tame Elephant enveigle the Male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' *Enemy*'s deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine;

Pre-

Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne'r advance the *Kirk*;
Told it the *News* o'th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made Prayers, not so like *Petitions*,
As *Overtures* and *Propositions*,
(Such as the *Army* did present
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,
Unless the *Work* be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Common-weal,
All on a flame bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?

The

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To 't ſelf, and ſent them, like Commiſſions,
To *Well-affected* Perſons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With pow'r to leavy Horſe and Men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With *Papers* in their Hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all theſe courſes, theſe efforts,
Been try'd by people of all ſorts,
Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cauſe's* ſervice?
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine fray?
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* ſwore,
Each man of us to run before

Another

Another still in *Reformation*,
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting Brethren* reliſh it?
What will *Malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt:
And bid *the Devil take the hindmoſt*,
Which at this Race is like to win moſt.
They 'l ſay our buſ'neſs to *reform*
The Church and State is but a worm,
For to ſubſcribe, unſight unſeen,
T' an unknown Churches Diſcipline
What is it elſe, but before-hand
T' ingage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent *Reformation*,
According to the Pureſt mode
Of Churches, beſt Reform'd abroad,

What

What did we elſe but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhould be.
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe
With theirs that ſwore *Et cæteras*;
Or the *French League*, in which men vow'd
To fight to the laſt drop of bloud.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The *Cauſe* and *Work* we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*,
Rather than *Goſpel-walking* times,
Whan ſlighteſt Sins are gteateſt Crimes.
But we the matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious ſcandal.
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment

This feud, but keep the peace between
Your Brethren and your Countrey-men;
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender,
The *Fidler*, as the prime offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Enginier of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For prohane and malignant ends.
He and that Engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be *brought*
To condigne Punishment as th'y ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see:
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say:
For then I'le take another course,
And soon *Reduce* you all by force.

This ſaid, he clapt his hand on Sword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol*, who had long ſuppreſt
Enflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e're in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tail of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen Luggage
O'th thy ſelf, old Ir'n and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his Wind in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?

Could thine Impertinence find out
No work t' employ it ſelf about,
Where thou ſecure from Wooden blow
Thy buſy vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no diſpute afoot between
The *Catterwauling Brethren*?
No ſubtle Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-their wits* and thoſe i' th' wrong?
No prize between thoſe Combatans
O' th' times, the Land and Water-*Saints*;
Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without hazard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not for want of buſ'neſs come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of Diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purſe, nor Burglary abroad?

No *Stolen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*,
To tye thee up from breaking loose?
No Ale unlicenc'd, broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'st alledge,
To keep thee busie from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;
And set th'a task, with subornation,
To stitch up *sule* and *sequestration*;
To *cheat* with *Holiness* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H'had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;
Or sent th'on bus'ness any whither;
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th'hast Brain enough in Skull
To keep within it's lodging whole,

And not provoke the rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt,
Which I'le not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting hands* and *eyes up* both,
Three times ſmote on ſtomack ſtout,
From whence at length theſe words broke out.
Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,
And girt with truſty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honor to wage Battel,
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattel?
Not all that Pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and ſlights to cheat,
And ſell thy Carrion for good meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,

Make Natural Death appear thy work,
And ſtop the Gangreen in ſtale Pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by Bullock ne'r withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down lives;
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this blade
Which I her Sword-bearer do carry,
For civil Deed and Military.
Nor ſhall theſe words of Venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomack, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e're be ſaid, that weight
With Gantlet blew and Baſes white,

And round blunt Dudgeon by his ſide,
So great a man at Arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizal* ſtir mood.
Dogs with their Tongues their wounds do heal;
But Men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-ſhot, that in holſters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Againſt th' outſide of *Talgol*'s Skull;
Vowing that he ſhould ne'r ſtir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But *Pallas* came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thruſt
Her *Gorgon*-ſhield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff as if 'twere turn'd t' a ſtock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*,

And he his rusty Pistol held
To take the blow on, like a Shield;
The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Than *Hudibras* with furious haste
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,
But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
Couragiously he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe the Truncheon.
The trusty Cudgel did oppose
It self against dead-doing blows,
To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it self again.

And though the ſword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of Wood;
'Twas nothing ſo, both ſides were ballanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ſt.
For Wood with Honor b'ng engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes Honor more.
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuit of Death;
While all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which would take, or kill.
This *Hudibras* obſerv'd, and fretting
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One Body, and that into one Blow.
But *Talgol* wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſlight; for had it hit,

The

The Upper part of him the Blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,
To aid his Friend began to fall on,
Him *Ralph* encountred, and ſtraight grew
A fierce Diſpute betwixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood;
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that ſaw them could divine
To which ſide Conqueſt would encline:
Untill *Magnano*, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vye,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'r attain,

For he, by foul hap having found
Where Thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his weapon out
And having crop'd them from the Root
He clapp'd them under th' Horſes Tail
With prickles ſharper than a Nail
The angry Beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his Fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſingage from Smart,
And raging Pain, th' afflicted Part;
Inſtead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his back;
And blundring ſtill with ſmarting rump,
He gave the Champions Steed a thump,
That ſtaggar'd him. The *Knight* did ſtoop
And ſate on further ſide aſlope.

This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By flight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching him by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out.
But *Mars* that still protects the stout,
In Pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear*, upon whose soft Fur-Gown
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
The friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound,
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well

In body, though his mighty Spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it.
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worſted by the *Knight*.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off bondage from his ſnout.
His wrath enflam'd boil'd o'r, and from
His jaws of Death he threw the ſome.
Fury in ſtranger poſtures threw him,
And more, than ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of *Knight*, and ſtorm'd and rav'd;
And vext the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the *Law of Arms*:
For Men he always took to be
His friends, and Dogs the Enemy:
Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him.

It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h'had faught so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unsouldier-like condition:
For which he flung down his Commission,
And laid about him, till his Nose
From thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew,
Some he o're-ran, and some o're threw.
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t' avoid the conquering *Knight*,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded ſore
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone,
But mutch its betters, th' wooden one.
He ſpying *Hudibras* lye ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall ſuppoſed wound,
And loſs of Urine, in a ſwound,
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th' anckle lay by him,
And fitting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight*.
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,

Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and Shin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his Legs with ſprained Crup)
Looking about beheld the Bard
To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,
He ſnatch'd his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling houſe,)
To hide it ſelf from rage of blows;
And wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from black and blew.
Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce
The Leg encounter'd twice and once;

And now 'twas rais'd, to ſmite agen,
When *Ralpho* thruſt himſelf between:
He took the blow upon his Arm,
To ſhield the *Knight* from further harm;
And joyning wrath with force, beſtow'd
On th' wooden member ſuch a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
And ſetting his bold foot upon
His trunk, thus ſpoke: What *deſp'rate Frenzie*
Made thee, (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thy ſelf and all that Coward Rabble
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
Gainſt Arms, Authority and Worſhip?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were heart of Oke,

And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of Wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Gaol,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from Iron Gin?
Which now thou shalt——but first our care
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fair.
This said, he gently rair'd the *Knight*,
And set him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from Lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his Nose with gentle thump,
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.
They wakened with the noise, did fly
From inward Room to Window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the Casement,
Lookt out, but yet with some amazement.

This gladded *Ralpho* much to see,
Who thus beſpoke the *Knight*: quoth he,
Tweaking his noiſe, You are, great Sir,
A *Self-denying* Conqueror;
As high, victorious and great,
As e'r fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your ſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's Victory, the foe, for dread
Of your Nine-worthineſs, is fled,
All ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *Cauſe* undertake:
And he lies priſ'ner at your feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet,
Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Jayl.
For one wink of your pow'rful Eye
Muſt ſentence him to live, or dye.

His Fiddle is your proper purchace,
Won in the Service of the *Churches*;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt Title on the Conquerer;
Though *diſpenſations* were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out goings* did not confirm,
And *Owning* were but a meer term:
Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
To th' Creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain't;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horſes, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Paraſites:

All which the *Saints* have *Title* to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* ſtill,
And they our *Tenants* but at will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:

Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's bus'nes, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honor
Of his destruction. I that am
So much below in Deed and Name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold bloud, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great Commanders always own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;

And that your Will and Pow'r have leſs
Than both might have of ſelfiſhneſs.
This Pow'r which now alive with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the ſlave in awe
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
For death would then be his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honor from his death to you;
'Twere Policy, and Honor too,
To do as you reſolv'd to do,
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To ſay it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than ſlain:
The Lawrels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,

And living foes the greateſt fame
Of Cripple ſlain can be but lame.
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain.
Th' Honor can but on one ſide light,
As Worſhip did, when y' were dub'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Priſoner of War;
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At *Court of Juſtice* to be try'd:
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his ſafety;
If any Member there diſlike
His Face, or to his Beard have pike;
Or if his death will ſave, or yield,
Revenge, or fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has quarter, he'rtheleſs
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe.

This hath been often done by some
Of our great Conquerors, you know whom:
And has by most of us been held
Wise Justice, and to some *reveal'd*.
For Words and Promises that yoke
The Conqueror, are quickly broke,
Like *Sampson*'s Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the *Cause*
By rules of military Laws,
And only do what they call just,
The *Cause* would quickly fall to dust.
This we among our selves may speak,
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This

This said, the high outragious mettle
Of *Knight* began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the *Squire's* advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the business done:
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The Wooden member to reduce:
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne'r to bear Arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his sword
In triumph while the Steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.

The *Squire* in ſtate rode on before,
And on his nut-brown Whiniard bore
The Trophee-*Fiddle* and the *Caſe*,
Plac'd on his ſhoulder like a Mace.
The *Knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his ſide,
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like Boat againſt the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Until quite through the Town th'had gone
At further end of which their ſtands
An ancient Caſtle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick,
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone nor a brick,
But all of Wood, by powr'ful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable;
There's neither Iron-bar, nor Gate,
Port-cullis, Chain, nor Bolt, not Grate:

And

And yet men durance there abide,
In Dungeon ſcarce three inches wide;
With Roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lye, or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that who ſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in priſon,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With Walls of ſubtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until th' are freed by head of Borough.
Thither arriv'd th' advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward Wall, near which there ſtands
A Baſtile, built t' impriſon hands;
By ſtrange enchantment made to fetter,
The leſſer parts, and free the greater.
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.

And

And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Post by 'Witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'r stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*
The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Case*,
In manner of a Trophee, place.
That done, they ope the Trap-dore-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making dolefule face,
Like Hermit poor in pensive place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet:
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,

Though

Though a *Delinquent* falſe and forged,
Yet being a ſtranger, he's enlarged;
While his Comrade that did no hurt,
Is clapt up faſt in priſon for't.
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence ſometimes.

THE

The ARGUMENT of The THIRD CANTO.

The ſcatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight *does ſally,*
And is made Priſ'ner: then they ſeize
Th' Inchanted Fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, *and put the* Squire *in's place.*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid, Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AY me what perils do inviron
The man that medles with cold Iron!
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile
And leer upon him for a while;

She'l

She'l after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay
I' th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day.*
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The Field as certain as a Gun,
And having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;
Think h' had done enough to purchaſe
Thanksgiving-day among the *Churches*,
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
And Regiſter'd by Fame eternal,
In Deathleſs Pages of *Diurnal*;
Found in few minutes to his Coſt,
He did but *Count without his Hoſt*;
And that a *Turn-ſtile* is more certain,
Than in events of War Dame Fortune.

For

For now the late faint-hearted Rout
O'rethrown and scatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear
From bloudy fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the *Dogs* who in pursuit,
Of the *Knight's* victory stood to't,
And most ignobly sought to get
The Honor of his bloud and sweat)
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For now the half-defeated *Bear*
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,

Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the Ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warrior stout and Polytick,
Until in spight of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increast
He found himself at length oppress,

And all evaſions ſo uncertain.
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honor in the field,
And ſell his Hide and Carcaſs at
A price as high and deſperate
As e're he could. This Reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The Enemy i' th' greateſt throng.
But what could ſingle Valour do
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was ſuch!
But one againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good.
For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was ſuddainly enclos'd,

And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a foe ſo great.
For now the Maſtives charging home
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himſelf, to ſhew how tall
His Perſon was, above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th' enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many Warriors and ſo ſtout
As he had done, and ſtand it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down ſtill laid about;

As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.

But all, alaſs! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick.
For *Trulla*, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field *Parthians* ſhoot
(But not ſo light as to be born
Upon the Ears of ſtanding Corn,
Or tript it o're the Water quicker
Than Witches when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the Martial throng;
Where pittying the vanquiſht *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon*, who ſtood near

Viewing the bloudy fight, to whom
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *hum drum*,
And ſee ſtout *Bruin* all alone
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such feats already h' has atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd:
And 't would to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him:
But then we muſt about it ſtraight;
Or elſe our aid will come too late.
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;

And joyning forces laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.
Mean while th' approach'd the place where *Bruin*
Was now engag'd to mortal ruine:
The conquering foe they ſoon aſſail'd;
Firſt *Trulla* ſtav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Until their Maſtives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alaſs! do what they could,
The worſted *Bear* came off with ſtore
Of bloudy wounds, but all before.
For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
Made proof againſt deed-doing ſteel
All over but the Pagan heel:
So did our Champion's Arms defend
All of him but the other end,

His Head and Ears, which in the Martial
Encounter loſt a Leathern parcel,
For as an *Auſtrian Archduke* once
Had one ear (which in *Ducatoons*
Is half the Coyn) in Battel par'd
Cloſe to his head; ſo *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like *Scrivener* newly crucify'd;
Or like the late-corrected Leathern
Ears of the *circumciſed Brethren.*
But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring
He wore in's Noſe convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe marcht before, and led
The Warrior to a graſſy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which Eglentine and Roſes made,
Cloſe by a ſoftly-murm'ring ſtream
Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.

There

There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
Upon a Bough, to eaſe the pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd, with a ſtrain.
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great Leader, and the reſt.

For *Orſin* (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground
In ſtanding fights than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the Chace,
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;

Griev'd to behold his *Bear* purſu'd
So baſely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers of his Coward foes.
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loſs of *Hylas*,
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his ſad regret.
He beat his Breaſt, and tore his Hair,
For loſs of his dear Crony *Bear*:
That Eccho from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall Poets ſplay-foot rimes,
That make her, in their ruthful ſtories,
To anſwer to Inter'gatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows:

And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whether, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to, my—Ecchо, *ruine?*
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
For fear. (Quoth Ecchо) *Marry guep.*
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these Bones ratled, and this Head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget,*
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' dish,
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Ecchо, *Fish.*
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Ecchо, *Mum.*
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?

Or

Or if thou haſt no thought of me
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honor might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to ſpend his bloud in
His honors cauſe? Quoth ſhe, *a Puddin.*
This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomach burn'd;
Thirſt of Revenge and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their Bones and Fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd and his *Bear.*
This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight, and giving o're
To ſearch for *Brain* any more,

He went in quest of *Hudibras*,
To find him out, where e're he was:
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.
Honor, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their breasts enflame.
'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras*;
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors stout
And resolute as ever fought:
Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke,

Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook

The

The vile affront, that paultry Ass
And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing
Have put upon us, like tame Cattel?
As if th' had routed us in battel?
For my part, it shall ne'r be ſed,
I for the waſhing gave my Head
Nor did I turn my back for fear
Of them, but loſing of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether theſe fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more than all my skin can foretel,
Nor do *I know* what is become
Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I ſhall no doubt,

Who

Where e're th' in Hugger-mugger lurk,
I'le make them rue their hardy-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd,
To *pull the Devil by the Beard.*

Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orsin* th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here
As well as thou hast, or the Bear;
Others may do as they see good,
But if this twig be made of Wood
That will hold out, I'le make the Fur
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,
And th' other mungril Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf,
Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.

My

My self and *Trulla* made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough.
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to joyn
Their forces in the same design:
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of *Hudibras* upon their march.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the Victorious *Knight* befell:
For such, *Crowdero* being fast
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow:

Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, *Reds*, *Blacks*, and *Blues*,
To mollify th' uneasie pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain; H' had got a hurt
O'th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his stand
Upon a Widows Joynture Land,
(For he, in all his amorous battels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)

Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight*;
The ſhaft againſt a Rib did glance,
And gall him in the *Purtenance*.
But time had ſomewhat aſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That Belly that ſo oft did ake
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his Legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *Reſcallion*,
That old *Pyg-* (what d'y call him *Pygmalio*.
That cut his Miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard-a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a Mule that flings and kicks:

Mong

'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad:
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her, ha day!
So Cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart must say her
The back-way, like a Witche's Prayer.
Mean while the *Knight* had no small task,
To compass what he durst not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.
Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of Steed;

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he seize upon the Coney:
Just so does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of Honor born.
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress
Did stir his stomack, and the Pain
He had endur'd from her disdain
Turn'd to regret, so resolute
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.

This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done;
But being brought so nigh by fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd so late
Did set this thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in;
And that his valour and the honor
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her,
These reasons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.

Thought he unto himself, who knows
But this brave Conquest o're my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?

If nothing can oppugne love,
And Vertue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and vertue too?
But thou bring'st Valour too and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouse-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why shouldst thou fear
To be, that art a Conquerer?
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miscarry.
Then while the honor thou hast got
Is spick and span-new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.

Such

Such thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,
More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.
And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blew eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch:
So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,
To seize upon the Widow's heart;
Crying with hasty tone and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, To horse, to horse;
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort where he ensconc'd,
And had all th' avenues possest
About the place, from East to West.

That done, awhile they made a halt,
To view the Ground, and where t' assault:
Then call'd a Council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy: and 'twas agreed,
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort,
They now drew up t' attack the Fort.
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger;
That Foresight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;

Or to his shame it might be sed,
They took him napping in his bed!
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.

His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When setting ope the Postern Gate,
To take the Field and Sally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected sight.
The bruises of his Bones and Flesh
He thought began to smart afresh;
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage.
And thus he spoke: The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,

Look,

Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had outrun their fears.
The Glory we did lately get,
The fates command us to repeat,
And to their wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numerick Crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue,
The ſelf-ſame individuals that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
When we couragiouſly did wield
Our Martial weapons in the field,
To tug for Victory: and when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen
Brandiſh in terror o're our heads,
They'l ſtraight reſume their wonted dreads,
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes
And haunts by fits thoſe whom it takes.

And they I opine they feel the pain
And blows, they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his Courage to enflame,
He call'd upon his *Mistress* name.
His Pistol next he cockt anew,
And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew.
And placing *Ralpho* in the front
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;
As expert Warriors use: then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courser's side,
Conveying Sympathetick speed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Mean while the foe with equal rage
And speed advancing to engage,

Both

Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handiblows.
When *Orsin* first let fly a stone
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the Bum withal:
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T'have sent him to another World;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold *Squire*,
And made him some few steps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rouz'd his spirits half dismayd:
He, wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' Enemy now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, prest close,
To come, pell-mell, to handiblows:

And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher,
As expert Warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge the foe.
This Order the advent'rous *Knight*
Most Soldier-like observ'd in fight,
When fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her *goody-ship*,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For *Colon* chusing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thumpt upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his Horse.
He loos'd his weapon, and the Reyns
But laying fast hold on the Manes

Preserv'd

Preserv'd his seat: And as a Goose
In death contracts his Talons loose;
So did the *Knight*, and with one claw
The tricker of his Pistol draw.
The Gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,
In all his feats of Arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
So now he sat down shot let fly
At randome 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol*'s Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his Shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s brass Habergeon,
Who straight *A Surgeon* cry'd *a Surgeon!*
He tumbled down and as he fell
Did *Murther, murther, murther*, yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the *Knight* had not let go

His Arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the second time) the fight.
As if the *Squire* had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the care
Of *Hudibras* his wound, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
He had with *Ceridon* been engag'd
In close encounter, which both wag'd
So desp'rately, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight;
When th' hard th' matter of the *Knight*
And th' other party did divert
And force their fullen Rage to part

Ralpho

Ralpho preſt up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his party
With ſtout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honor ſtir
Your ſpirits up, once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd Foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they ſmell Powder,
Thrice have they ſeen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o're their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and check't,

You'

You'l have a harder game to play,
Then yet y' have had to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, then *Ralph*'s harangue;
To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy Counsel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal *Crisis* doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomack down.

I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial baſting, to deſpond:
Yet I'de be loath my days to curtal.
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honorable retreat,
'Twere the beſt courſe: but if they find
We fly, and leave our Arms behind
For them to ſeize on, the diſhonor
And danger too is ſuch, Il'e ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of War, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat.
For thoſe that Run away, and fly,
Take Place at leaſt of th' enemy

This said, the *Squire* with active speed
Dismounted from his bony Steed,
To seize the Arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
The active *Squire* with might and main
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft;
But by his weighty bum as oft
He was pull'd back: till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike Steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the Beast,
When *Orsin*, who had newly drest
The bloudy scar upon the shoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* powder;

And now was searching for the shot
That laid *Magnano* on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his Horse side.
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms with Courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The Enemy begins to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a Thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving the Enemy to attack
Before he reacht his Horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'rethwart his Beast with active vaulting,

Wrigling

Wrigling his body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right Leg over;
When *Orſin* ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On Horſe and Man ſo heavy a load,
The Beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or ſtout King *Richard*, on his back:
Till ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſwound.
Mean while the *Knight* began to rowſe
The ſparkles of his wanted proweſs;
He thruſt his Hand into his Hoſe,
And found both by his Eyes and Noſe,
'Twas only Choler, and not Bloud,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with deſpightful Ire;

Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other Pistol out,
And now had half-way bent the Cock,
When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his Arm
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.
The *Knight* his Sword had only left,
With which he *Cerdon*'s Head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a Limb,
But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.
He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*
Upon his quarters opposite.
But as a Bark that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:

So far'd the *Knight* between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppoſe.
Till *Orſin* charging with his Launce
At *Hudibras*, by ſpightful chance
Hit *Cerdon* ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raiſing up himſelf on ſtirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another,
To bear thee company in death:
But firſt I'le halt awhile and breath.
As well he might: for *Orſin* griev'd
At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he made before.
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breath himſelf, and next find out

Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of *Cerdon*'s wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial Art,
The subtle *Knight* streighte made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With Forces joyn'd renew the fight.

Ralpho

Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruis'd; his Limbs all o're
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerours,
Have both the Field and Honor won,
The Foe is profligate and run,
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;
And some lye sprauling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloudy wound.

Cæsar himself could never say
He got two victories in a day;
As I have done, that can say, Twice I
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*
As they *perire*, and yet enough
Be left to strike an after-blow.
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o're,
Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An Arse, for fear of being bang'd;

It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arme.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My Limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.

That shalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras*:)
We read, the Ancients held it was
More honorable far *Servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary.
The one we oft to day have done;
The other shall dispatch anon.
And though th' art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently toward the *Squire*:
Then bowing down his Body stretcht
His hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out:
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got.
But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last
The pillage of the Prisoners,
Which all in feat of Arms was hers;
And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To succor him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load

Of

Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yield *Scoundrel* base, (quoth he) or dye;
Thy Life is mine and Liberty.
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o're a fresh,
I'le wave my Title to thy flesh,
Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right:
And if thou hast the heart to fight,
I'le lend the back thy self awhile
And once more for that carcass vile.
Fight upon tick---Quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise, and take my sword;

That

That ſword which has ſo oft this day
Through Squadrons of my foes made way
And ſome to other Worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinſter matcht,
Will bluſh with bloud ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honor's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider while thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force.
For if with Conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace,
By law of Arms, in ſuch a caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I ſcorn (quoth ſhe) thou Coxcomb ſilly,

(Clapping

(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To shew how much she priz'd his speech)
Quarter or Counsel from a foe:
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be fed,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy Guard

This said, she to her Tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and prest so home,
That he retir'd and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to mercy
It is not fighting *Arse-verse*
Shall serve thy turn--This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,

The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honor, deſpight, revenge and ſhame,
At once unto his ſtomack came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his Arm
Above his Head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury:
Which long ſhe fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,

As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground.
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew, and ſeconding
With home-made thruſt the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And mounting on his Trunk a-ſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe Scum.
Say, will the Law of Arms allow
I may have Grace, and Quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And ſtain thine Honor, than thy Sword?
A Man of War to damn his Soul,
In baſely breaking his Parol.
And when before the Fight, th' hadſt vow'd
To give no Quarter in cold blood?
Now thou haſt got me for a *Tartar*,
To make m' againſt my will take quarter?

Why doſt not put me to the Sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy Stars have caſt me down:
My Laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loſs of Honor's great enough.
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſmes may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient *Hero's* were illuſtrous
For b'ing benigne, and not bluſtrous
Againſt a vanquiſht foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T'employ their courteſies about.

Quoth she, although thou hast deserv'd
Base *Slubberdegullion*, to be serv'd
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the Victory;
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my Fame, than thy desert.
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside
All that's on the outside of thy Hide,
Are mine by military Law,
Of which I will not bate one straw:
The rest, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou Commandst I must obey:
Yet those whom I expugn'd to day,

Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's pound*,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous Bowels rage and fret.
But now thy careass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange for him.

This said, the *Knight* did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.

Next he disrob'd his Caberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith devesting
The Mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o're his sturdy back.
And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Just so the proud insulting Lass
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras.*

Mean while the other Champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight disperst.
Arriv'd, when *Trulla'd* won the day,
To share in th' Honor and the Prey,

And out of *Hudibras* his Hide
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden showr.
But *Trulla* thrust her self between,
And striding o're his back agen,
She brandisht o're her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her bloud
Or theirs would make their quarter good.
For she was bound by Law of Arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast
By *Hudibras* as yet lay fast,
Where to the hard and ruthless stones
His great Heart made perpetual moans.
Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ransome, and supply his place.

This ſtopt their fury, and the baſting
Which toward *Hudibras* was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what we had atchiev'd in fight,
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd,
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitcht upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The *Knight* and *Squire* firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horſes,
But with their Faces to the *Arſes*,
Orſin led *Hudibras*'s beaſt,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* preſt,

Whow ſtout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*
And *Colon* waited as a guard on,
All uſh'ring *Trulla*, in the rear
With th' Arms of either priſoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *inchanted Caſtle*,
Where ſtout *Crowdero* in durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed, than ſhows
And triumphs over conquer'd foes
Do uſe t' allow, or than the *Bears*
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd,
In order Soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike poſture,
As fit for Battel as for Muſter.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they, firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt their Fort their force,

They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt.*
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*
No leſs than he that built the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Caſe*,
And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſhious vengeance to aſſwage.
For he no ſooner was at large,
But *Trulla* ſtraight brought on her charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame *Limbo* put
The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was ſhut.

Where

Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted manſion, to know ſorrow;
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they marcht away.

But *Hudibras* who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Chear'd up himſelf with ends of Verſe,
And Sayings of Philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his mind,
Is *Sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
What e're the other moiety feels.
'Tis not Reſtraint or Liberty
That makes Men priſoners or free;

But perturbations that poſſeſs
The Mind or Æquanimities,
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not ſed
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i'th' eye, and ſob
Becauſe h' had ne'r another *Tub*.
The Ancients make two ſeveral kinds
Of Prowes in heroick minds,
The *Active* and the *Paſſive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows and to carry,
In fights are equineceſſary;
But in defeats, the *Paſſive* ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out.

Most desp'rately, and to out-doe
The Active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
Though we with blacks and blews are suggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are *cudgel'd*:
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd can lose no honor by't.
Honor's *a lease for Lives to come*,
And cannot be *extended* from
The legal Tenant: 'tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in Battel.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the *Bed of Honor* lain:
He that is beaten may be sed
To lye in Honor's *Truckle-bed*.
For as we see th' eclipsed Sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when adorn'd with all his light
He shines in Serene Sky most bright:

So

So Valour in a low estate
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know!
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit,
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
A *Carnal Hour-glass*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off.
For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,
Having subdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
And might with Honor have come off,
Would put it to a second proof?

A politick exploit, right fit
For *Presbyterian Zeal* and *Wit.*

Quoth *Hudibras*, that Cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou mak's *Presbytery* thy ſcale
To take the height on't and explain
To what degree it is prophane.
Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d' ye call*)
Thy *light Jump* right, thou call'ſt *Synodical.*
As if *Presbytery* were a ſtandard.
To ſize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my Beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou couldſt prove *Bear-baiting* equal
With *Synods*, Orthodox and Legal?

Do if thou can'ſt, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy *light*.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'l find I've light enought to do it.

Synods are myſtical *Bear-gardens*,
Where *Eld.rs*, *Deputies*, *Churchwardens*,
And other Members of the Court
Manage the *Babyloniſh* ſport.
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but ſev'ral Synagogues
Of *carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs*:

Both *Antichriſtian Aſſemblies*,
To miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with Men, the other Beaſts.
The diff'rence is, The one fights with
The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;
And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
In th' others *Souls* and *Conſciences*;
Where *Saints* themſelves are brought to ſtake
For *Goſpel-light* and *Conſcience* ſake;
Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
Inſtead of *Maſtives Dogs* and *Curs*;
Than whom th' have leſs humanity,
For theſe at ſouls of Men will fly.
This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a Viſion ſaw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of *Church-rule* in this later Age:

As

As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.
Bears naturally are Beasts of prey,
That live by Rapine, so do they,
What are their *Orders, Constitutions,*
Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,
But sev'ral mystick chains they make,
To tye poor Christians to the stake?
And then set heathen *Officers,*
Instead of *Dogs*, about their ears
For to prohibit and dispence,
To find out or to make offence,
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
To play with Souls at fast and loose;
To set what Characters they please,
And mulcts on Sin or Godliness;
Reduce the Church to *Gospel-Order*,
By *Rapine, Sacriledge*, and *Murther*;

To make *Presbytery* supream,
And *Kings* themselves submit to them;
And force all people, though against
Their Consciences, to turn *Saints*,
Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
When *Saints* Monopolists are made.
When *pious* frauds and *holy* shifts,
Are *dispensations* and *gifts*,
There *Godliness* becomes mere Ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are whelps of th' *Inquisition*,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers*;
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning slight
To cast a figure for mens *Light*;

To find in lines of Beard and Face
The Phisiognomy of *Grace*;
And by the sound and *twang of Nose*,
If all be sound within disclose,
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As Men try *Pipkins* by the ringing:
By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,
Give certain gues at inward *Light*,
Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,
To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear,
The *Handketchief* about the neck,
(Canonical *Crabat* of *Smock*,
From whom the Institution came,
When Church and State they set on flame;
And worn by them as badges then
Of *Spiritual Warfaring* Men)
Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest Cut* in fashion.

Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion
That *Grace is founded in Dominion.*
Great *Piety* consists in Pride;
To *rule* is to be *sanctify'd:*
To domineer, and to controul
Both o're the Body and the Soul,
Is the most perfect *discipline*
Of Church-rule, and by *right divine.*
Bel and the *Dragons* Chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives, and Children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have Wealth and Power too,
Or else with bloud and desolation
They'l tear it out o' th' heart o' th' Nation.

Sure

Sure theſe themſelves from Primitive
And Heathen Prieſthood do derive,
When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,
Elders and *Preſbyters* of *Kirks*,
Whoſe *Directory* was to *kill*;
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They ſlaughter'd only *Beaſts*, now *Men*.
For then to ſacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to *Moloch*,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole *Nation*.
Preſbytery does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a *Free State*,
A *Common-wealth of Popery*,
Where ev'ry Village is a *See*
As well as *Rome*, and muſt maintain
A *Tithe Pig Metropolitan*:

Where ev'ry *Brisbyter* and *Deacon*
Commands the *Keys* for Cheese and Bacon;
And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's *Holiness*, the *Church's head*,
More haughty and severe in's place
Than *Gregory* and *Boniface*!
Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
With many heads: for we construe
What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
According to th' Apostles mind,
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon;
Which Heads denote the sinful Tribe
Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-elder*, *Scribe*.
Lay-elder, *Simeon* to the *Devil*,
Whose little finger is as heavy

As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
Archbishop-secular. This Zelot
Is of a mungrel, divers kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind;
A Lawless *Linsy-woolsy Brother*,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of amphibious nature,
On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water;
That always preys on Grace, or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquisitor has chief
Dominion over mens Belief
And Manners; can pronounce a *Saint*
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When supercilliously he sifts
Through coursest Boulter others *gifts*.
For all Men live and judge amiss
Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.

He'l lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle *light* and *grace*,
The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
Whoſe Paſtors are but th' Handiwork
Of his Mechanick Pawes, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling.
From whence they ſtart up *choſen Veſſels*,
Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*.
So *Cardinals*, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end the new made *Pope*,

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,
They ſay, *does make ſweet Malt*. Good *Squire*.
Feſtina lente, not too faſt;
For *haſte* (the Proverb ſays) *makes waſte*.
The Quirks and Cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon miſtake.

And

And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
And put your Arguments in mood
And figure, to be understood:
I'le force you by right ratiocination
To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue *Dialectic*[k]*s*.

The Question then, to state it first,
Is which is *better*, or which *worst*
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the worst, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' Assertion,
Thou say'st th' are really *all one*,
If so, not *worst*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then, *Tantundem dat tantidem*.

For if they are the *same*, by course
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.
But I deny they are the *same*,
More than a *Maggot* and I am.
That both are *Animalia*,
I grant, but not *Rationalia*;
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find,
And can no more make *Bears* of these,
Than prove *my Horse is Socrates*.
That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say no:
And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *Assembly's* not impow'd
To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *Synod*; but *Bear-garden*.

Has no ſuch pow'r, *Ergo* 'tis none.
And ſo thy Sophiſtry's o'rethrown.

But yet we are beſide the Queſtion
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt conteſt on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are *better*,
Than *Synod-men*, I ſay *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beaſts*, and *Synods* Men,
Is held by all: they'r *better* then.
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* Legs go,
As *Beaſts*, but *Synod-men* on *Two*.
'Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails*;
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
Or that a rugged, ſhaggy *Fur*
Grows o're the Hide of *Presbyter*;
Or that his *ſnout* and *ſpacious Ears*
Do hold proportion with a *Bear's*.

A *Bear's* a ſavage Beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural,
Whelpt without form, until the Dam
Have lickt him into ſhape and frame;
But all thy *light* can ne'r evict
That ever *Synod-man* was *lickt*;
Or brought to any other faſhion
Than his own Will and Inclination.

But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugne thy ſelf and ſenſe, that is,
Thou wouldſt have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too.
A ſtrange *Chimæra* of Beaſts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem Subjecto yet,

Thy other Arguments are all
Suppoſures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid, which I know when,
And where thou ſtol'ſt from other Men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*
Are all but plagiary ſhifts;)
And is the ſame that *Ranter* ſed,
That arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my Beard:
The ſelf-ſame Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This Controverſie, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee agen.

Quoth

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuſe
Of *Humane Learning* you produce;
Learning that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of Knowledge as repleat
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An Art t' incumber *Gifts* and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s Doublet;
A cheat that Scholars put upon
Other mens reaſon and their own;
A Fort of Error, to enſconce
Abſurdity and Ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To Truth impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By Art, perplext and intricate:

For nothing goes for Sense, or *Light*
That will not with old rules jump right,
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.

This *Pagan*, *Heathenish* invention
Is good for nothing but Contention.
For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
All blows do on the Target light;
So when Men argue, the great'st part
O' th' Contest falls on terms of Art,
Untill the Fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
Out-run the Constabe at last;
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,

But

But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary as black to white*;
Mere *Diſparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this *Human Learning*;
Two things s' averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met,
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in: therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.

Anno-

Annotations

TO THE

FIRST PART.

That could as well bind o're as ſwaddle.

BInd over to the Seſſions, as being a Juſtice of the Peace in his Countrey, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliaments Army, and a Committee-man,

As *Mountaigne* playing with his Cat.

Mountagin in his Eſſays ſuppoſes his Cat thought him a Fool, for loſing his time, in playing with her.

Profoundly skill'd in *Analitique*.

Analitique is a part of *Logick* that teaches to Decline and Conſtrue *Reaſon*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

A Babyloniſh Dialect.

A confuſion of Languages, ſuch, as ſome of our Modern *Virtuoſi* uſe to expreſs themſelves in.

That had the *Orator* who once,

Demoſthenes, who is ſaid to have a defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by uſing to ſpeak with little ſtones in his mouth.

He could reduce all things to Acts.

The old Philoſophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural things, as Chymiſts do Spirits and

Essences, and when they had refin'd them into the nicest subtleties, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But, (as *Seneca* says) the subtler things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their definitions of things by Acts, the nearer to Nonsense.

Where Truth in person does appear.

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting those Notions, or Images of things (in the understanding of Man) into the same state and order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore *Aristotle* says, *unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.* Met. L. 2.

Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Some report that in *Nova Zemble*, and *Greenland*, Mens words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

He knew the Seat of Paradise.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various

opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise; Sir *Walter Rawleigh* has taken a great deal of pains to collect them, in the beginning of his *History of the World*, where those who are unsatisfied, may be fully inform'd.

By a High-Dutch Interpreter.

Goropius Becanus endeavors to prove that High-Dutch was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise*.

If either of them had a Navel.

Adam and *Eve* being made, and not Conceiv'd, and Form'd in the womb, had no Navels, as some Leaned Men have suppos'd, because they had no need of them.

Who first made Musick Malleable.

Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Like

Like *Mahomet*'s were Aſs and Widgeon.

Mahomet had a tame Dove that uſed to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and Inſpire him. His Aſs was ſo intimate with him, that the Mahometans believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and ſtays there with him to bring him back again.

It was Canonique, and did grow
In Holy Orders by ſtrict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had ſubdued the King, of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in thoſe times.

So Learned *Taliacotius*, &c.

Taliacotius was an *Italian* Chirurgeon, that found out a way to repair loſt and decay'd Noſes.

But left the Trade, as many more,
Have lately done, &c.

Oliver Cromwel and Colonel *Pride* had been both Brewers.

That *Cæsar*'s Horse, who as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

Julius Cæsar had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. *Utebatur equo insigni, pedibus prope Humanis, & in modum Digitorum unguibus fissis.* Sueton *in* Jul. Cap. 61.

The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds, a Tract of Land.

Dido Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as she could compass with an Oxes Hide, which she cut into small Thongs, and cheated the owner of so much ground, as serv'd her to build *Carthage* upon.

As the bold *Trojan* Knight seen Hell.

Æneas whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough, for a Pass to Hell, and Tailors call that place Hell, where they put all they steal.

In Magick, Talisman, and Cabal.

Talisman is a Device to destroy any sort of Vermin by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do

them all the mischief they can. This has been experimented by some modern *Virtuosi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable success.

Raymund Lully interprets *Cabal* out of the *Arabick*, to signify *Scientia superabundans*, which his Comentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over magnifying, has render'd a very superfluous Foppery.

As far as *Adam*'s first Green Breeches.

The Author of *Magia Adamica* indeavors to prove the Learning of the antient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall.

And much of *Terra Incognita*

The Intelligible world could say.

The Intelligible world, is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, discover'd only by the Philosophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

As Learn'd as the wild Irish are.

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the Wild Irish, as appears

pears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which see *Cambden* in his description of *Ireland*.

In *Rosy Crucian* Lore as Learned
As he that *vere Adeptus* earned.

The Fraternity of the *Rosy Crucians* is very like the Sect of the ancient *Gnostici*, who call'd themselves so, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has Commenc'd in their Fanatique extravagance.

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors
Did'st inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*.

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late Reformation, as *Pryn* or *Withers*, and as able a Poet; He Translated *Virgils Æneides* into as horrible Travesty in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in Burlesque, and was only out-done in his way by the Politique Author of *Oceana*.

We that are wisely mounted higher.

This Speech is set down as it was deliver'd by the Knight

Knight in his own words: but since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humor, but all men are oblig'd to speak wisely alike; And too much of so extravagant a Folly would become tedious, and impertinent: The rest of his Harangues, have only his Sense expresst in other words, unless in some few places where his own words could not be so well avoided.

In Bloudy Cynarctomachy.

Cynarctomachy signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such words very great Knowledge is contained: and our Knight as one, or both of those, was of the same opinion.

Or Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the same kind, which though it appear ever so Learned, and Profound, means nothing else but the weeding of Corn.

The *Indians* fought for the Truth

Of th' Elephant, and Monkeys Tooth.

The History of the White Elephant and the Monkeys Tooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written

by

by Monsieur *Le Blanc*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worship'd it, and though they offer'd a vast Ranson for it, yet the Christians were perswaded by their Priests, rather to burn it. But as soon as the Fire was kindled, all the People present were not able to indure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same Ingredients, with which Seamen use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

This Rage in them like *Bout-feus*.

Bout-feus is a French word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bread as to need an Exposition.

As *Indian Brittains* are from *Penguins*

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a white head a *Penguin*, which signifies the same thing in the *British* Tongue. From whence (with other words of the same kind) some Authors have indeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are originally deriv'd from the *Brittains*.

And

And though his Countrey-men the *Huns*.

This custom of the *Huns* is describ'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*. *Hunni Semicrudâ cujuslibet Pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua & equorum terga subsertam, fotu calefaciunt brevi.* Pag. 686.

—— He spous'd in *India*
Of Noble House a Lady gay.

This story in *Le blance*, of a *Bear* that married a Kings Daughter, is no more strange than many others in most Travellers, that pass with allowance, for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labor, and observed nothing, but what they might have done as well at home.

They would not suffer the stout'st Dame
To swear by *Hercules*'s Name.

The old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by, and therefore *Macrobius* says, *Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem, Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam muliebre quam virile commune*, &c.

As

As ſtout *Armida*, bold *Thaleſtris*.

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances, that were cudgell'd into Love by their Gallants.

Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the Five Members of Treaſon in the Houſe of Commons; great crouds of the Rabble came down to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, with Printed Copies of the Proteſtation, ty'd in their Hats like Favors.

Make that Sarcaſmous ſcandal true!

Abuſive, or inſulting had been better, but our Knight believ'd the Learned Languages, more convenient to underſtand in, than his own Mother-tongue.

And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe

With theirs that ſwore t' *Et cæteras*.

The Convocation in one of the ſhort Parliaments that uſher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knights Errant) made an Oath to be taken, by the Clergy, for obſerving of Canonical obedience; in which they injoyn'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Conſciences, to ſwear to Articles with &c.

Or

On the French League in which men vow'd,
To fight to the last drop of Bloud.

The Holy League in *France*, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here, was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully Transcrib'd. Nor did the success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murthers of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: and as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one before another in the way of Reformation, So did the French in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of Bloud.

First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd.

Staving and Tayling are terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and signify there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: though they are us'd Metaphorically in several other Professions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, *&c.*

Or

Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

Prynn, *Bastwyck*, and *Burton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for three Professions of the Godly Party, who not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took possession of it in their Names.

By him that Baited the Popes Bull.

A Learned Divine in King *James*'s time wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Popes Bull Baited*.

Canonical Crabat of *Smec*.

Smectymnus was a Club of Parliamentary Holderforth, The Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves expresst, in that senseless and insignificant word; They wore Handkerchers about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats.

And

And leave your Vitilitigation.

Vitilitigation is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible occasions, and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning, and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling.

FINIS.

HUDIBRAS.

The SECOND PART.

By the Author of the First.

CORRECTED & AMENDED,

With

Several Additions and Annotations.

LONDON:

Printed by *T. H.* for *T. Sawbridge* in *Little-Britain*, *R. Bentley* in *Russel-street* in *Covent-Garden*, and *G. Wells* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1684.

The SECOND PART *of* HUDIBRAS.

The Argument of the first CANTO.

The Knight being clap'd by th' heels in Prison,
The last unhappy Expedition,
Love *brings his Action on the Case,*
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Ladies visit,
And cunningly sollicits his sute,
Which she defers: yet on Parole,
Redeems him from th' Inchanted Hole.

CANTO I.

BUt now t'observe *Romantick* method,
Let rusty Steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh & rugged sounds
Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle stile,
To let our Reader breathe a while:

In which, that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of *Preface.*
Is't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome mens fancies ſhould ne'er change?
But make all people do, and ſay,
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf-ſame way:
Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,
And *Knights* purſuing like a Whirlwind:
Others make all their *Knights*, in fits
Of Jealouſie, to loſe their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' Dames, like Witches,
Th'are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
By pulling Plaiſters off their Sores;
As Cripples do to get an Alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their Dames.
Some force whole Regions, in deſpight
O' *Geography*, to change their ſite:

Make

Make former times ſhake hands with latter,
And that that was before, come after,
But thoſe that write in *Rhime*, ſtill make
The one *Verſe* for the others ſake:
For, one for *Senſe*, and one for *Rhime*,
I think's ſufficient at one time.

But we forget in what ſad plight
We lately left the Captiv'd *Knight*,
And penſive *Squire* both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into ſafe Cuſtody:
Tir'd with Diſpute, and ſpeaking *Latine*,
As well as baſting, and *Bear-baiting*;
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by wit or force.
His only Solace was, That now
His dog-bolt Fortune was ſo low:
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend:

In which he found th' event, no leſs,
Than other times beſide his gueſs;
There is a tall long-ſided Dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped *Fame*,
That like a thin *Camelion* boards
Her ſelf on Air, and eats her words:
Upon her ſhoulders wings ſhe wears,
Like Hanging-ſleeves, lin'd through with Ears,
And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets liſt,
Made good by deep *Mythologiſt*.
With theſe, ſhe through the Welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies*;
With Letters hung like *Eaſtern* Pidgeons;
And *Mercuries* of fartheſt Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Of Lying, to inform the Nation:
And by their publick uſe to bring down
The rate of *Whetſtones* in the Kingdom.

About

About her neck a Pacquet *Male*,
Fraught with Advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And *Cows* of *Monſters* brought to bed:
Of *Hailſtones* big as *Pullets* Eggs,
And Puppies whelp'd with twice two legs:
A *Blazing-Star* ſeen in the *Weſt*,
By ſix or ſeven Men at leaſt.
Two Trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones.
But whether both with the ſame Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not; only this can tell,
Th' one ſounds vilely, th' other well.
And therefore vulgar Authors name
Th' one good, th' other Evil *Fame*.
This tatling *Goſſip* knew too well,
What miſchief *Hudibras* befel;

And ſtreight the ſpightful tidings bears,
Of all, to th' unkind Widows Ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud
To ſee *Bawds* carted through the crowd,
Or Funerals with ſtately Pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump;
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe would go ſee the Sight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed *Knight*,
To do the Office of a Neighbor,
And be a *Goſſip* at his Labor:
And from his wooden Jail, the Stocks,
To ſet at large his Fetter-locks,
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ranſome,
To free him from th' Inchanted Manſion.
This b'ing reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for hood
And Uſher, Implements abroad,

Which *Ladies* wear, beſide a ſlender
Young waiting *Damſel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on ſhe went,
To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent:
And 'twas not long before ſhe found
Him, and his ſtout *Squire* in the Pound;
Both coupled in Inchanted Tether,
By further Leg behind together:
For as he ſate upon his Rump,
His Head like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his Ears on either ſide.
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Joul;
She came upon him in his wooden
Magicians Circle, on the ſudden,
As *Spirits* do, t'a Conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear.

No ſooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
But ſtraight he fell into a Fever,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang the head, and ſcowl,
And wink and goggle like an Owl;
He felt his Brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him;
This place (quoth ſhe) they ſay's Inchanted,
And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted;
That here are ty'd in Chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd;
Look, there are two of them appear
Like Perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere:
Some have miſtaken Blocks and Poſts,
For *Spectres*, *Apparations*, *Ghoſts*
VVith Sawcer-eyes, and Horns; and ſome
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:

But if our Eyes are not falſe Glaſſes,
That give a wrong account of Faces;
That *Beard* and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and inchanted.
For though it be disfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if't had lately been in Combat;
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by't.
VVhen *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard
To take kind notice of his *Beard*,
And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and honor,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard*'s Owner,
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he ſpoke; *Lady*, your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right:
The *Beard*'s th' Identique *Beard* you knew
The ſame numerically true;

Nor

Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himſelf.
Oh Heavens! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you:
Not by your individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Diſcourſe;
That never ſpoke to Man or Beaſt,
In notions vulgarly expreſt.
But what malignant Star, alas,
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?
Quoth he, the fortune of the War,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with *Beard* and *Face*,
By you in ſuch a homely caſe.
Quoth ſhe, thoſe need not be aſham'd,
For being honorably maim'd;
If he that is in battel conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own *Beard*.

Though

Though yours be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your viſage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarch'd, and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the *Ruſſian* Standerd,
A torn *Beard*'s like a tatter'd Enſign,
That's braveſt which there are moſt rents in.
That Petticoat about your Shoulders,
Does not ſo well become a Soldiers,
And I'm afraid they are worſe handled,
Although i'th reer your *Beard* the Van led.
And thoſe uneaſie bruiſes make
My heart for company to ake,
To ſee ſo worſhipful a friend
I'th Pillory ſet, at the wrong end.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *Pain*,
Is (as the Learn'd *Stoicks* maintain)
Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis underſtood,

Senſe

Senſe is deceitful, and may faign,
As well in counterfeiting pain,
As other groſs *Phænomena's*,
In which it oft miſtakes the Caſe.
But ſince th' immortal Intellect
(That's free from Error and Defect,
Whoſe objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward bruiſe or maim.
Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material bangs or blows:
It follows, we can ne'er be ſure,
Whether we pain or not endure:
And juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion ſtreight.
Others, though wounded ſore in reaſon,
Felt nor contuſion nor diſcretion.

A *Saxon* Duke did grow ſo fat,
That *Mice*, (as Hiſtories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
His Poſtique parts, without his feeling;
Then how is't poſſible a kick,
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain
For one that's baſted, to feel pain;
Becauſe the *Pangs* his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the Cure:
Yet *Honor* hurt is wont to rage
With *Pain* no Medicine can aſſwage.
Quoth he, That *Honor*'s very ſquemiſh
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh:
For what's more honourable then *ſcars*,
Or skin to tatters rent in *Wars*?
Some have been beaten till they know
What VVood a *Cudgel*'s of by th' blow;

Some

Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A Shooe be *Spaniſh* or *Neats-Leather*:
And yet have met, after long running,
With ſome whom they have taught that cunning,
The furtheſt way about, t' o'ercome,
I' th' end does prove th' neareſt home;
By *Laws* of Learned *Duelliſts*,
They that are bruis'd with *Wood*, or *Fiſts*.
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Paltroons*:
But if they dare engage t' a ſecond,
They 're *ſtout* and *gallant* fellows reckon'd.
Th' old *Romans*, freedom did beſtow;
Our *Princes* worſhip with a blow:
King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his ſplenetick
And teſty Courtiers with a kick.
The *Negus*, when ſome mighty *Lord*,
Or *Potentate*'s to be reſtor'd,

And Pardon'd for ſome great offence
With which he's willing to diſpence.
Firſt has him laid upon his *Belly*,
Then beaten *back*, and *ſide*, t' a *Jelly*;
That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the gracious blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting,
Of his magnificent *Rib-Roaſting*.
The beaten *Souldier*, proves moſt manful,
That like his *Sword*, endures the Anvil:
And juſtly's held more formidable,
The more his Valor's malleable.
But he that fears a *Baſtinado*,
Will run away from his own ſhadow.
And though I'm now in *durance* faſt,
By our own *Party* baſely caſt,
Ranſome, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,
And worſe than by th' *Enemy* us'd;

In close *Cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of *VVit*, or *Valour*, to elope,
As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
To th' *Earth*, ſtill grow more reverend:
And *Cannons* ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their Breeches:
I'll make this low dejected *fate*
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth ſhe, Y've almoſt made m' in Love
With that which did my pity move:
Great *VVits*, and *Valors*, like great *States*,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own weights:
The extreams of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
Like *Eaſt* and *VVeſt*, become the ſame:
No *Indian Prince* has to his *Palace*
More follow'rs than a Theif to th' *Gallows*.
But if a *beating* ſeem ſo brave,
What *Glories* muſt a *whipping* have?

Such

Such great *Atchievments* cannot fail,
To caſt ſalt on a *Womans* Tail,
For if I thought your *nat'ral Talent*
Of *Paſſive Courage*, were ſo Gallant;
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I could grow *amorous*, and *dote*.
When *Hudibras* this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and ſtrok'd his *Beard*:
Thought he, this is the *Lucky hour*,
Wines work, when *Vines* are in the flower;
This *Criſis* then I'll ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the *Queſtion*.
Madam, what you would ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out,
How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirit*,
And *Magnanimity*, I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll ſtake my *ſelf* down againſt you:

And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,
Be you the *VVinner*, and take both.
Quoth ſhe, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
Say, Fools for *Arguments* uſe wagers.
And though I prais'd your *Valor*, yet
I Did not mean to baulk your *VVit*,
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What, I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot *love* where I'm *belov'd*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*
Beyond th' inflict̃on of a *VVitch*;
So Cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim,
That do not underſtand the Game.
Love in your heart as idly burns,
As Fire in antique *Romans*-Urns,
To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light
Thoſe only, that ſee nothing by't.

Have

Have you not power to *entertain*,
And render *Love* for *Love* again?
As *no man* can draw in his *breath*
At once, and force out Air beneath?
Or do you love your ſelf ſo much,
To bear all *Rivals* elſe a Grutch?
What *Fate* can lay a greater Curſe,
Than you upon your ſelf would force;
For *Wedlock* without *love*, ſome ſay,
Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.
It is a kind of *Rape* to *Marry*
One, that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For, what does make it *Raviſhment*,
But b'ing againſt the the *Mind's Conſent*?
A *Rape*, that is the more inhumane,
For being acted by a *Woman*:
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
To *love* you, that you may deſpiſe us?

But though you cannot *love*, you ſay,
Out of your own *Fanatique* way,
Why ſhould you not, at leaſt, allow,
Thoſe that *love* you, to do ſo too:
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught,
To practiſe what you call a *fault*,
Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay be true,
You muſt fly me, as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In *Love* and *Preaching*, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, to bid me not to *love*,
Is to forbid my *Pulſe* to move;
My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to kick up:
Command me to piſs out the Moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.

Loves powr's too great to be withſtood
By feeble humane *fleſh* and *blood.*
Twas he, that brought upon his knees
The *Hect'ring* Kill-Cow *Hercules*;
Reduc'd his *Leager-lions* skin
T' a *Pettecoat*, and made him ſpin:
Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble *Diſtaff*, and a *Spindle.*
'Twas he made *Emperors* Gallants
To their own *Siſters*, and their *Aunts*;
Set *Popes*, and *Cardinals* agog
To play with *Pages* at Leap-frog;
'Twas he that gave our *Senate* purges,
And fluxt the *Houſe* of many a *Burgeſs*;
Made thoſe that repreſent the *Nation*
Submit and ſuffer *amputation*:
And all the Grandees o' th' the *Cabal*,
Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *ſpring* and *fall.*

He mounted *Synod-men* and rode 'em
To *Durty-lane*, and *little Sodom*;
Made 'em Corvett, like Spaniſh Jenets,
And take the Ring at Madam——
'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do
More than the Devil could tempt him too;
In cold and froſty weather grow
Enamor'd of a Wife of *Snow*;
And though ſhe were of rigid temper,
With melting *flames* accoſt and tempt her:
Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,
He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.
Quoth ſhe, if *Love* have theſe effects,
Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For *Diabolical* and *wicked*?
And ſong, as out of tune, againſt,
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the Saints?

I find

I find, I've greater reaſon for it,
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Theſe ſad effects
Spring from your *Heatheniſh* neglects
Of *Loves* great pow'r, which he returns
Upon your ſelves with equal ſcorns;
And thoſe who worthy *Lover's* ſlight,
Plague's with prepoſt'rous appetite;
This made the beautious *Queen* of *Crete*
To take a *Town-Bull* for her *Sweet*;
And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the Rival of a Cow.
Others to proſtitute their great *Hearts*,
To be *Baboons*, and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.
Some with the Dev'l himſelf in League grow
By's Repreſentative a *Negro*:
'Twas this made *Veſtal*-Maids love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd Quick.

Some

Some by their *Fathers* and their *Brothers*,
To be made *Miſtreſſes*, and *Mothers*:
'Tis this that Proudeſt *Dames* enamors
On Lacquies, and *Varlets des-Chambres*.
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to Dirty *Grooms*,
To ſlight the *World*, and to diſparage
Claps, *Iſſue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth ſhe, theſe Judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch, as I ſhould rather bear,
Than truſt men with their *Oaths*, or prove
Their *faith*, and *ſecreſie* in *love*.
Says he, their is a weighty reaſon,
For ſecreſie in *Love* as *Treaſon*.
Love is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,
That at the *Windore-eie* does ſteal in,
To rob the the *Heart*, and with his prey
Steals out again a cloſer way,

Which

Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and ſparkles,
In *Men*, as nat'rally as in *Char-coals*,
Which ſooty *Chymiſts* ſtop in holes,
When out of Wood, they extract Coles;
So *Lovers*, ſhould their *Paſſions* choak,
That though they burn, they may not ſmoak.
'Tis like that ſturdy *Thief* that ſtole,
And drag'd Beaſts backwards, into's hole:
So *Love* does *Lovers*; and us Men
Draws by the Tails into his Den;
That no *impreſſion* may diſcover,
And trace t' his *Cave*, the wary *Lover*.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you entruſt me under Seal,
I'll prove my ſelf as cloſe and virtuous,
As, your own *Secretary*, *Albertus*,

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your aims propoſe;
Love-Paſſions are like *Parables*,
By which men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Though *Love* be all the worlds pretence,
Mony's the *Mythologic* fence,
The real ſubſtance of the ſhadow,
Which all Addreſs and Courtſhip's made to.
Thought he, I underſtand your *Play*,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his *Dame*, muſt do,
As *Love* do's, when he bends his *Bow*:
With the one hand thruſt the *Lady* from,
And with the other pull *her* home.
I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great
Provocative, to am'rous heat;
It is all *Philters*, and high diet
That makes *Love* Rampant, and to fly out:

'Tis

'Tis *Beauty* always in the Flower,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*,
At their own weapons are out-done;
That make *Knights Errant* fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in *Romances*.
'Tis *Virtue*, *VVit*, and *VVorth*, and all,
That Men *Divine* and *Sacred* call.
For what is *VVorth* in any thing,
But ſo much *Money* as 'twill bring?
Or what but *Riches* is there known,
Which man can ſolely call his own;
In which, no Creatures goes his half,
Unleſs it be to *ſquint* and *laugh*?
I do confeſs, with *Goods* and *Land*,
I'd have a Wife, at ſecond hand;
And ſuch you are: Nor is't your perſon,
My ſtomach's ſet ſo *ſharp* and *fierce* on,

But

But 'tis (your better part) your *Riches*,
That my enamor'd heart bewitches;
Let me your *fortune* but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your perſon how you pleaſe:
Or make it o'r in truſt to the *Devil*,
You'l find me *reaſonable* and *Civil*.
Quoth ſhe, I like this plaineſs better
Than falſe *Mock-Paſſion*, *Speech*, or *Letter*,
Or any feat of *qualm* or *ſowning*,
But *hanging* of your ſelf, or *drowning*;
Your onely way with me, to *break*,
Your mind, is *breaking* of your Neck:
For as when *Merchants* break, o'rthrown
Like *Nine-pins*, they ſtrike others down;
So, that would break my *heart*, which done,
My tempting *fortune* is your own.
Theſe are but trifles, ev'ry *Lover*
Will damn himſelf, over and over,

And greater matters undertake,
For a leſs worthy *Miſtreſs* ſake:
Yet th' are the onely ways to prove
The unfeigned *realties* of *Love*;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The *Devil* is in him if he feigns.
Quoth *Hudibras*, this way's too rough,
For mere *experiment*, and *proof*;
It is no jeſting trivial matter,
To ſwing in th' Air, or plunge in Water,
And like a Water-witch, try *love*.
That's to deſtroy, and not to prove:
As if a man ſhould be diſſected,
To find what part is diſaffected:
Your better way is to make over,
In *Truſt*, your fortune to your *Lover*;
Truſt is a *Tryal*, if it break,
Tis not ſo deſp'rate as a *Neck*:

Beſide, th' *experiment*'s more certain,
Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;
The Soldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for ſixpence pay:
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To ſhare with Knaves in Cheating Fools:
And Merchants vent'ring through the Main,
Slight Pirats, Rocks and Horns for gain.
This is the way I adviſe you to,
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loath to run
My ſelf all th' hazard, and you none.
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome *deed*
Of yours, aforeſaid do precede;
Give but your ſelf one gentle *ſwing*,
For tryal, and I'll cut the *ſtring*:
Or give that Reverend *Head*, a maul,
Or two, or three, againſt a Wall;

To

To ſhew you are a man of *Mettle*,
And I'll engage my ſelf, to *ſettle*.
Quoth he, my *Head*'s not made of *braſs*;
As Frier *Bacon*'s noddle was:
Nor (like the *Indian*'s ſcull) ſo tough,
That *Authors* ſay, 'twas *Muſket-proof*:
As it had need to be to enter,
As yet, on any new *Adventure*;
You ſee what *bangs* it has endur'd,
That would, before new *feats*, be cur'd,
But if that's all you ſtand upon;
Here ſtrike, me *luck*, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, the matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe, *Two words t' a Bargain*,
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given down right proof:
And yet 'tis no *Fantaſtick* pike,
I have to *love*, nor coy *diſlike*;

'Tis no implicite nice *Averſion*
T' your *Converſation*, *Meen*, or *Perſon*:
But a juſt fear, leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe, and perfidious in *Love*;
For if I thought you could be *true*,
I could *love* twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith as *Adamantine*
As Chains of *Deſtiny*, I'll maintain;
True as *Apollo* ever ſpoke,
Or Oracle from heart of Oak.
And if you'll give my *flame* but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other *Pig ſnie*,
The *Sun* and *Day* ſhall ſooner part,
Than *Love*, or you, ſhake off my heart.
The *Sun* that ſhall no more diſpence
His own, but *your* bright influence;

I'll

I'll carve your name on *Barks* of *Trees*.
With *True-loves knots*, and *Flourishes*;
That shall infuse eternal *spring*,
And everlasting flourishing:
Drink every Letter on't, in *Stum*;
And make it brisk *Champaign* become;
Where e'er you tread, your foot shall set
The *Primrose* and the *Violet*;
All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and *sweet Powders*,
Shall borrow from your breath their *Odors*;
Nature her *Charter* shall renew,
And take all *lives* of things from you;
The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,
And when you frown upon it, die;
Only our *loves* shall still survive,
New Worlds and Natures to out-live;
And, like *Heralds* Moons, remain
All *Crescents*, without *change* or *wane*.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiss;
For you will find it a hard *Chapter*,
To catch me with *Poetique Rapture*,
In which your *Mastery* of *Art*,
Doth shew it self and not your *Heart*;
Nor will you raise in mine *Combustion*,
By dint of high *Heroick* fustion:
She that with *Poetry* is won,
Is but a *Desk* to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean,
No more than that on which they *lean*.
Some with *Arabian Spices* strive
To embalm her cruelly alive;
Or *season* her, as *French* Cooks use,
Their *Haut-gusts*, *Buollies*, or *Ragusts*;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,

Until

Until the *Facet Doublet* doth
Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her mouth;
Her mouth compar'd t'an *Oyſter*'s, with
A row of *Pearl* in't, ſtead of *Teeth*;
Others, make *Poſies* of her *Cheeks*,
Where *red*, and *whiteſt* colors mix;
In which the *Lilly*, and the *Roſe*
For *Indian* Lake, and Ceruſe goes.
The *Sun* and *Moon*, by her bright eyes,
Eclisp'd, and darkn'd in the *skies*;
Are but *Black-patches* that ſhe wears
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons* and *Stars*,
By which *Aſtrologers*, as well
As thoſe in *Heav'n* above can tell
What ſtrange Events they do foreſhow
Unto her Under-world below.
Her Voice the *Muſick* of the *Spheres*,
So loud it deafens mortal ears;

As wiſe *Philoſophers* have thought,
And that's the cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
Th' ador'd in *Rhime*, would kick in *Proſe*;
And in thoſe *Ribbins* would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung.
That have the hard *fate*, to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not, how *falſe*, or *forc't*,
So the *beſt* things be ſaid o' th' *worſt*;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſed,
Onely the *Arrow's* drawn to th' head,
Whether it be *Swan* or *Gooſe*
They level at: So *Shepherds* uſe
To ſet the ſame *mark* on the *hip*
Both of their *ſound* and *rotten Sheep*.
For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
Muſt be aim'd *higher*, or *beſide*,

The *mark* which elſe they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim *awry*.
But I do wonder you ſhould chuſe
This way t'attaque me with your *Muſe*,
As one cut out to paſs your tricks on,
With *Fulhams* of *Poetic fiction*:
I rather hop'd, I ſhould no more
Hear from you, o' th' *Gallanting* ſcore:
For hard *dry-baſtings* uſe to prove
The readieſt Remedies of *Love*,
Next a *dry-diet*; But if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſie Loop-hold *Jail*
In which y' are *hamper'd* by the *fet-lock*,
Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wedlock*:
Wedlock, that's worſe than any hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a *Cooler*;
T' allay your *Mettle*, all agog
Upon a *Wife*, the heavi'r clog.

Nor rather thank your gentle *Fate*,
That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,
Has freed you from thoſe *knobs*, that grow
Much harder, on the Marry'd *Brow*:
But if no dread can cool your Courage,
From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
To nobler aims, your Puiſſance;
Level at *Beauty*, and at *VVit*,
The faireſt *mark* is eaſieſt hit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before hand
In that already, with your command:
For where does *Beauty*, and high *VVit*,
But in your *Conſtellation*, meet?

Quoth ſhe, What does a match imply,
But *likeneſs* and *equality*?
I know you cannot think me fit,
To be th' *Yoke-fellow* of your *VVit*:

Nor

Nor take one of ſo mean *Deſerts*,
To be the *Partner* of your *Parts*;
A *Grace*, which if I could believe,
I've not the conſcience to receive.
That *Conſcience*, Quoth *Hudibras*,
Is mis-inform'd; I'll ſtate the *Caſe*.
A man may be a *Legal Donor*
Of any thing whereof he's *Owner*;
And may confer it where he liſts,
I' th' Judgment of all *Caſuiſts*:
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valor* may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By thoſe that are *Proprietors*;
As I may give or ſell my *Horſe*.
Quoth ſhe, I grant the *Caſe* is true,
And proper 'twixt your *Horſe* and you;
But whether I may *take*, as well
As you may *give* away or ſell?

Buyers

Buyers you know are bid beware;
And worſe than thieves *Receivers* are.
How ſhall I anſwer *Hue* and *Cry*,
For a *Roan-Gelding*, twelve hands high:
All ſpur'd and ſwitch'd, a *Lock* on's hoof,
A *ſorrel-mane*? can I bring proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y'are ſold for,
And in the open *Market* toll'd for?
Or ſhould I take you for a ſtray,
You muſt be kept a year and day
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are ſought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.
Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' *enervate* this *Objection*,
And prove my ſelf, by *Topic* clear,
No *Gelding*, as you would infer.

Loſs

Loſs of *Virilities* averr'd
To be the cauſe of loſs of *Beard*,
That does (like *Embryo* in the womb)
Abortive on the Chin become,
This firſt a *Woman* did invent,
In envy of *Mans* ornament.
Semiramis of *Babylon*,
Who firſt of all cut men o' th' *ſtone*:
To mar their *Beards*, and laid foundation
Of *Sow-geldering* operation.
Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether,
Eunuchs were ſuch, or *Geldings* either.
Next it appears, I am no *Horſe*,
That I can argue, and diſcourſe,
Have but two *legs*, and ne'er a *tail*.
Quoth ſhe, that nothing will avail;
For ſome *Philoſophers* of late here,
Write, Men have four legs by *Nature*,

And

And that 'tis *Cuſtom* makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but two ;
As 'twas in *Germany* made good,
B' a Boy, that loſt himſelf in a *VVood* ;
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With *VVolves* upon all four to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from *tayls*,
We cannot ſay, they 'are true or falſe,
Till you explain your ſelf, and ſhow,
B' experiment, 'tis ſo or no.

Quoth he, If you'll joyn iſſue on't,
I'll give you ſatisfactory account ;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my *Spouſe*.

That never would be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a *Tayl*, by me :
For *Tayls* by Natures ſure were meant,
As well as *Beards*, for ornament :

And

And though the *Vulgar* count them homely,
In *man* or *beaſt*, they are ſo comely,
So *Genteel*, *Allamode*, and handſom,
I'll never marry *man* that wants one:
And till you can demonſtrate plain
You have one equal to your *Mane*,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a *Horſe*,
Ere I'll take you *for better* or *worſe*.
The Prince of *Cambay*'s daily food,
Is *Aſpe*, *Baſiliſque*, and *Toad*,
VVhich makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath.
Each night he ſtinks a *Queen* to death;
Yet I ſhall rather lie in's *Arms*,
Than yours, on any other *tearms*.
Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,
I ſhall produce upon my word;
And if ſhe ever gave that *boon*
To man, I'll prove that I have one;

I mean, by *poſtulate Illation*,
When you ſhall offer juſt occaſion;
But ſince y' have yet deny'd to give
My *Heart*, your *Pris'ner*, a Reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my heel,
Let that at leaſt your pity feel,
And for the ſufferings of your *Martyr*,
Give its poor Entertainer *quarter*;
And by *Diſcharge*, or *Main-priſe* grant
Delivery from this baſe *Reſtraint*.
Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your *Leg*
Stuck in a hole here like a *Peg*,
And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your *Honour* ſafe) I'd let you out.
That *Dames* by *Jail-delivery*
Of *Errant Knights* have been ſet free,
When by *Enchantment* they have been,
And ſometimes for it too, laid in;

Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honour* too:
For what are they *renownd* and *famous* elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſs'd *Damaſels*?
But for a *Lady* no ways *Errant*,
To free a *Knight*, we have no warrant
In any authentical *Romance*,
Or *Claſſic Author* yet of *France*:
And I'd be loath to have you break
An ancient *Cuſtom* for a freak,
Or *Innovation* introduce
In place of things of *antique* uſe;
To free your heels by any courſe,
That might b' unwholeſome to your *Spurs*:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a ſervice muſt be done ye,
With ſolemn previous Ceremony.

Which

Which always has been us'd t' untie
The *Charms* of those who here do lie;
For as the *Ancients* heretofore
To *Honor*'s *Temple* had no dore,
But that which thorough *Virtue*'s lay;
So, from this *Dungeon*, there's no way
To *honour'd freedom*, but by passing
That other *Virtuous* School of *Lashing*;
Where *Knights* are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wrists,
In which they for a while are *Tenants*,
And for their *Ladies* suffer *Penance*:
Whipping, that's *Virtues* Governess,
Tutress of *Arts*, and *Sciences*;
That mends the gross mistakes of *Nature*,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for *Renown*,
And all the *honors* of the *Gown*

This

Thus ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And *freed* with honourble diſcharge;
Then in their *Robes* the *Penitentials*,
Are ſtraight preſented with *Credentials*;
And in their way attended on
By *Magiſtrates* of every Town;
And all reſpect and charges paid,
They 're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
Now if you'll venture for my ſake,
To try the toughneſs of your *back*,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a *Whipping* on,
(And may you proſper in your ſuit,
As you with equal vigor do't)
I here engage to be your Bail,
And free you from th' Unknightly *Jail*.
But ſince our *Sex*'s modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,

Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,
And *honor* too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the place,
You claim as due as in my good grace.
If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go
By *Deſtiny*, why not *VVhipping* too?
What Medicine elſe can cure the *fits*
Of *Lovers* when they loſe their *VVits*?
Love is a *Boy*, by *Poets* ſtyl'd,
Then *ſpare the Rod, and ſpill the Child*,
A *Perſian* Emp'ror whipp'd his Grannum
The Sea, his Mother *Venus* came on;
And hence ſome Rev'rend men approve
Of *Roſemary* in making *Love*.
As skilful *Coopers* hoop their Tubs
With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* Dubs;
Why may not *VVhipping* have as good
A grace, perform'd in Time and Mood;

With comely movement, and by *Art*,
Raiſe Paſſion in a *Lady*'s heart;
It is an eaſier way, to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather ſuffer *Whipping*,
Than ſwallow *Toaſts* of bits of *Ribbin*?
Make wicked *Verſes*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
And ſpell Names over, with *Beer-glaſſes*?
Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*
Loves Sacrifice, and all a *lie*?
With *China-Oranges* and *Tarts*,
And whining *Plays*, lay baits for Hearts?
Bride *Chamber-maids* with *love* and *money*
To break no Roguiſh *jeaſts* upon ye;
For Lillies limn'd on *Cheeks*, and Roſes,
With painted perfumes, hazard Noſes?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do Penance in a *Paper Lanthorn*?

All this you may compound for, now
By ſuff'ring what I offer you:
Which is no more than has been done,
By *Knights* for *Ladies* long agone:
Did not the Great *La Mancha* do ſo,
For the *Infanta del Taboſo*?
Did not th' Illuſtrious *Baſſa* make
Himſelf a *Slave* for *Miſſe*'s ſake?
And with Bulls Pizle, for her *love*,
Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove?
Was not young *Florio* ſent (to cool
His flame from *Biançafiore*) to School,
Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick* Bum
For her ſake ſuffer *Martyrdom*?
Did not a certain *Lady* whip,
Of late her, Husband's own Lordſhip?
And though a Grandee of the *Houſe*,
Clawd him with *Fundamental* blows,

Ty'd him ſtart-naked to a Bed-poſt,
And firk'd his hide as if ſh' had rid poſt;
And after in the *Seſſions-Court*,
Where *VVhipping*'s judg'd, had *honor* for't?
This *ſwear* you will perform, and then
I'll ſet you from th' Inchanted *Den*,
And the *Magician* Circle clear.
Quoth he, I do *profeſs* and *ſwear*,
And will perform what you enjoyn,
Or may I never ſee you *mine*.
Amen (quoth ſhe) Then turn'd about,
And bid her *Squire* let him out.
But ere an *Artiſt* could be found
T' undo the *Charms* another bound,
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (ſome write) by *Ladies* eyes.
The *Moon* pull'd off her veil of Light,
That hides her face by day from ſight.

(Myſterious Veil, of brightneſs made,
That's both her luſtre, and her ſhade)
Aud in the Night as freely ſhon,
As if her Rays had been her own:
For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere,
Where all falſe Glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling *Stars* began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſter,
While Sleep the weary'd *VVorld* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.
Our *Vot'ry* thought it beſt t' adjourn
His *VVhipping*-pennance till the morn,
And not to carry on a *VVork*
Of ſuch *importance*, in the Dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't i' th' open face of *Day*;
And in the mean time, go in queſt
Of next *Retreat* to take his Reſt.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight *and* Squire *in hot Diſpute,*
Within an Ace of falling out;
Are parted with a ſudden fright
Of ſtrange Alarm, and ſtranger Sight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They're ſent away in naſty pickle.

'TIs ſtrange how ſome men's Tempers ſuit
(Like *Bawd* and *Brandee*) with Diſpute,
That for their own *Opinions* ſtand faſt,
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt.

That kept their *Conſciences* in Caſes,
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Baſes*,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for *Argument*.
Make *true* and *falſe*, *unjuſt* and *juſt*,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt.
Diſpute and ſet a *Paradox*,
Like a ſtrait Boot upon the Stocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Mountaign*, *VVhite*, or *Tully*.
So th' antient *Stoicks* in their Porch,
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their *Church*,
Beat out their Brains in fight and ſtudy,
To prove that *Vertue* is a *Body*,
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
Made good with ſtout *Polemique* Braul:
In which, ſome hundreds on the place
Were ſlain outright, and many a face

Retrench'd of *Noſe*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,
To maintain what their *Sect* averr'd.
All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their faith;
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the *ſequel* ſhall be ſhown.
The Sun had long ſince in the Lap
Of *Thetis*, taken out his *Nap*,
And like a *Lobſter* boyl'd, the *Morn*
From *black* to *red* began to turn.
When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking
Twixt ſleeping kept all night, and waking,
Began to rouſe his drouſie eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to riſe;
Reſolving to diſpatch the Deed
He vow'd to do, with truſty ſpeed.
But firſt, with knocking loud and bauling,
He rous'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling,

And

And, after many Circumſtances,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*,
Do uſe to ſpend their *time* and *wits* on,
To make impertinent Deſcription;
They got (with much ado) to *Horſe*
And to the *Caſtle* bent their Courſe,
In which he to the *Dame* before
To ſuffer *whipping* Duty ſwore:
VVhere now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the work in earneſt,
He ſtopp'd and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And with a ſerious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his head,
VVhich firſt he ſcratch'd and after ſed;
VVhether it be direct *infringing*
An *Oath*, if I ſhould wave this *ſwinging*,
And what I've ſworn to bear, forbear,
And ſo b' *Equivocation* ſwear;

Or whether 't be a leſſer *Sin*,
To be forſworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and ſubtle *points*, which muſt,
T' inform my Conſcience, be diſcuſt,
In which to *err* a little, may
To *errors* infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy *Judgment*, ere we farther go.
Quoth *Ralpho*, ſince you do enjoyn't
I ſhall enlarge upon the *Point*;
And for my own part do not doubt
Th' *Affirmative* may be made out.
But firſt to ſtate the *Caſe* aright,
For beſt advantage of our light:
And thus 'tis: VVhether' t be a *Sin*,
To *claw* and *curry* your own *skin*
Greater, or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn, forſwear.

But firſt, o' th' firſt: The *Inward man*,
And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*,
Have always been at Daggers-drawing,
And one another Clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a Spiritual *Myſtique* ſence,
Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble,
In literal fray, 's abhominable;
'Tis Heatheniſh, in frequent uſe,
With *Pagans*, and *Apoſtate Jews*,
To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewels*:
Like modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
And mungrel *Chriſtians* of our times,
That expiate leſs with greater *Crimes*,
And call the foul *Abhomination*,
Contrition, and *Mortification*.
Is't not enough w're bruis'd and kicked,
With ſinful members of the wicked;

Our Veſſels, that are *ſanctifi'd*,
Profan'd and *curri'd*, back and ſide;
But we muſt claw our ſelves, with ſhameful,
And Heathen ſtripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is *impious* becauſe they did it.
This therefore may be juſtly reckon'd
A *henious* ſin. Now to the ſecond,
That *Saints* may claim a *Diſpenſation*
To *ſwear* and *forſwear* on occaſion;
I doubt not, but it will appear,
With pregnant light. The *point* is clear.
Oaths are but *words*, and *words* but *wind*,
Too feeble implements to *bind*;
And hold with *deeds* proportion, ſo
As *ſhadows* to a *ſubſtance* do.
Then when they ſtrive for *place*, 'tis fit
The *weaker Veſſel* ſhould ſubmit:

Although

Although your *Church* be oppoſite
To ours, as *Black Friers* are to *VVhite*,
In *Rule* and *Order*: Yet I grant
You are a *Reformado Saint*;
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a Title to:
But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,
Know little of their *Priviledge*;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own,
For if the *Dev'l*, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell *Truth*; why the *Saints* ſhould ſcorn
When it ſerves theirs, to *ſwear* and *lie*,
I think, there's little reaſon why:
Elſe h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to ſay.
W' are not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to *ſwear*:

But

But to *swear* idly; and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain.
For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
A *Saint-like vertue*, and from hence,
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:
Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
And this, the constant *Rule* and *Practise*
Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is,
Was not the *Cause* at first begun
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,
But, in due time and place, they broke?
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,
Before our *plate*, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter *Models*, for
The present use of *Church* and *War*?

Did,

Did not our *Wörthies* of the *Houſe*,
Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?
For having freed us, firſt, from both
Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremacy Oath*;
Did they not, next, compell the *Nation*,
To take, and break the *Proteſtation*?
To *ſwear*, and after to *recant*,
The *Solemn League and Covenant*?
To take th' *Engagement*, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe, who firſt did frame it?
Did they not ſwear at firſt, to *fight*
For the KING's *Safety*, and his *Right*?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *Horſe* and *Foot*?
And yet ſtill had the confidence,
To ſwear it was in his *defence*?
Did they not *ſwear* to *live* and *die*
With *Eſſex*, and ſtreight laid him by?

If that were all, for ſome have *ſwore*
As falſe as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not *ſwear* to maintain *Law*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *Flaw*?
For *Proteſtant Religion* Vow,
That did that *Vowing* diſallow?
For *Priviledge* of *Parliament*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *Rent*?
And, ſince, of all the *three*, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not *ſwear*, in expreſs words,
To prop and back the *Houſe of Lords*?
And after turn'd out the whole *Houſe-ful*
Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuſeful?
So *Cromwel* with deep *Oaths* and *Vows*,
Swore all the *Commons* out o' th' *Houſe*,
Vow'd that the *Red-coats* would disband,
I marry would they at their Command.

And troul'd 'em on, and *swore*, and *swore*,
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door*;
This tells us plainly, what they thought,
That *Oaths* and *swearing* goes for nought.
And that by them th' were only meant,
To serve for an *Expedient*.
What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should *Private Faith* have such a tye?
Oaths were not purpos'd more than *Law*,
To keep the *Good* and *Just* in aw,
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,
Like Moral Cattle in a *Pinfold*,
A *Saint's* of th' heavenly Realm a *Peer*:
And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*,

But on the *Goſpel* of his *Honor*,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as *Owner*;
It follows, though the thing be *forgery*,
And falſe, th' affirm, it is no *perjury*,
But a mere *Ceremony*, and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of ſpeech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere *ſaluting* of the *Book*.
Suppoſe the *Scriptures* are of force,
They 're but *Commiſſions* of Courſe,
And *Saints* have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from 'em as they pleaſe;
Or miſinterpret them, by *private*
Inſtructions, to all *Aims* they drive at;
Then why ſhould we our ſelves *abridge*
And *Curtail* our own *Priviledge*?
Quakers (that like to *Lanthorns*, bear
Their light within 'em) will not *ſwear*.

Their *Gospel* is an *Accidence*,
By which they construe *Conscience*,
And hold no *sin* so deeply *red*,
As that of breaking *Priscian*'s head;
(The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
That stirring *Hats* held worse than murder.)
These thinking th' are obliged to *Truth*
In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath*;
Like Mules, who if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock still;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born *Consciences* may do,
Tis the *temptation* of the Devil,
That makes all humane actions evil:
For *Saints* may do the same things by
The *Spirit*, in Syncerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the Devils instance do;

And yet the Actions be contrary,
Juſt as the *Saints* and *VVicked* vary.
For as on land there is no *Beaſt*,
But in ſome *Fiſh* at Sea's expreſt;
So in the *VVicked* there's no *Vice*,
Of which the *Saints* have not a ſpice;
And yet that thing that's *pious* in
The one, in th' other is a *Sin*.
Is't not *Ridiculous*, and *Nonſence*,
A *Saint* ſhould be a ſlave to *Conſcience*?
That ought to be above ſuch Fancies,
As far, as above *Ordinances*.
She's of the *VVicked*, as I gueſs,
B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dreſs*,
And though, like *Conſtables*, we ſearch
For falſe Wares, one anothers *Church*:
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No Faith is to the wicked due;

For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,
Too rich a *Pearl* for *Carnal Swine*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Thoſe *Myſteries* and *Revelations*;
And therefore *Topical* Evaſions
Of ſubtle *Turns*, and *Shifts* of ſence,
Serve beſt with th' *VVicked* for pretence,
Such as the learned *Jeſuits* uſe,
And *Presbyterians*, for excuſe,
Againſt the *Proteſtants*, when th' happen
To find their *Churches* taken napping.
As thus: A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*,
And either way admits a *ſcruple*,
And may be *ex parte* of the *Maker*,
More criminal, than the injur'd *Taker*.
For he that ſtrains too far a *Vow*,
Will break it like an o'er-bent *Bow*.

And he that made, and fore'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it:
A broken Oath is, *quatenus Oath*,
As sound t' all purposes of *Troth*,
As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worse,
Nay till th' are broken, have no force,
What's *Justice* to a man, or *Laws*,
That never comes within their Claws?
They have no pow'r, but to admonish,
Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no *Engagement* is allow'd,
By men in *Prison* made, for Good;
For when they're set at *liberty*,
They're from th' *Engagement* too, set free:
The Rabbins write, when any *Jew*
Did make to *God*, or *Man*, a *Vow*,

Which afterward he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other *Jews* o' th' *Nation*,
Might free him from the *Obligation*:
And have not two *Saints* pow'r to uſe
A greater *privilege* than three *Jews*?
The *Court* of *Conſcience*, which in *Man*
Should be *ſupream* and *Soveraign*,
Is't fit, ſhould be *ſubordinate*
To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' State,
And have leſs Power than the *leſſer*,
To deal with *Perjury* at pleaſure?
Have it's proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of *Py-powder*?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex Officio*?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And *Pigs* unring'd at *Viſ. Franc. Pledge*.

Diſcover

Diſcover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recuſants*,
Prieſts, *VVitches*, *Eveſ-droppers*, and *Nuſance*;
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half full.
And have no pow'r at all, nor ſhift,
To help it ſelf at a dead lift?
VVhy ſhould not *Conſcience* have *Vacation*,
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation?
Have equal power to adjourn
Appoint *Appearance* and *Retorn*?
And make as nice diſtinctions ſerve
To ſplit a Caſe; as thoſe that carve
Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joynts,
Why ſhould not tricks as ſlight, do points?
Is not the *High-Court of Juſtice* ſworn
To judge that Law that ſerves their *turn*?
Make their own Jealouſies High-Treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?

Cannot

Cannot the *Learned Councel* there,
Make Laws in any ſhape appear?
Mould 'em as *VVitches* do their Clay,
When they make *Pictures* to deſtroy?
And vex 'em into any form,
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of Treaſon, whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn,
Thoſe that engag'd their *Lives* for them?
And yet do nothing in their own fence,
But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conſcience*!
Can they not juggle, and, with ſlight
Conveyance, play with *wrong* and *right*;
And ſell their blaſts of wind as dear,
As *Lapland* Witches bottl'd *Air*?
Will not *Fear*, *Favor*, *Bribe*, and *Grutch*,
The ſame Caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge;

As Seamen with the self-same *Gale*
Will sev'ral different courses sail;
As when the Sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds;
Those *Banks* and *Dams*, that like a *Screen*,
Did keep it out, now keep it in:
So when *Tyrannical Usurpation*
Invades the freedom of a *Nation*,
The Laws o' th' Land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Do's not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry man *swear*,
What makes best for him in his Answer?
Is not the winding up *Witnesses*,
And nicking more than half the bus'ness?
For *Witnesses*, like *Watches*, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow.
And where in *Conscience*, th' are strait lac'd;
'Tis ten to one, that side is cast.

Do not your *Jurics* give their *Verdict*
As if they felt the *Cauſe*, not heard it?
And as they pleaſe make *Matter of Fact*
Run all on one ſide, as th'are packt?
Nature has made Mans breaſt no *Windores*,
To publiſh what he does within doors?
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blob it.
If *Oaths* can do a man no good,
In his own bus'neſs, why they ſhou'd
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little reaſon for't.
He that impoſes an *Oath*, makes it,
Not he, that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be ſaid
To break an *Oath* he never made?
Theſe *Reaſons* may perhaps look odly
To th' *Wicked*, though they evince the *Godly*;

ut if they will not ſerve to clear
ly *Honor*, I am ne'er the near.
Honor is like that glaſſy Bubble
hat finds *Philoſophers* ſuch trouble,
Whoſe leaſt part crackt, the whole does fly,
And *VVits* are crack'd, to find out why.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Honor's but a Word,
To ſwear by only, in a *Lord*:
In other men 'tis but a Huff,
To vapour with, inſtead of Proof,
That like a *VVen*, looks big, and ſwels,
Is ſenſleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the *VVorld*'s opinion ſtill,
But as men are not *VViſe* that run
The ſlighteſt *hazard* they may ſhun:
There may a *Medium* be found out
To clear to all the *VVorld* the doubt;

And

And that is, if a man may do't
By *Proxy* whipt, or Substitute.
Though nice, and dark the *Point* appear;
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up and clear.
That *Sinners* may supply the place
Of suff'ring *Saints* is a plain *Case*.
Justice gives *Sentence*, many times,
On one man for another's *Crimes*:
Our Brethren of *New-England* use
Choice *Malefactors* to excuse,
And *hang* the *Guiltless* in their stead,
Of whom the *Churches* have less need.
As lately 't happen'd: in a Town,
There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,
That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Use*,
And mend mens *Lives* as well as *Shooes*:
This precious *Brother* having slain,
In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*;

(Not

Not out of *Malice*, but mere *Zeal*,
Because he was an *Infidel*)
The mighty *Tottipottymoy*
Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*,
Complaining sorely of the *Breach*,
Of *League*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,
Against the *Articles* in force
Between both *Churches*, his, and ours:
For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render
Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender*:
But they maturely having weigh'd,
They had no more but him o' th' Trade,
(A man, that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to *Teach* and *Cobble*)
Resolv'd to spare him, yet to do
The *Indian Hoghan Moghan* too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old *Weaver* that was Bed-rid.

Then

Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
And in your room another *whip'd*:
For all *Philoſophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
Hold *VVhipping* may be *Sympathetick*.
It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou haſt reſolv'd, and clear'd the *Caſe*,
And canſt in *Conſcience*, not refuſe,
From thy own *Doctrine*, to raiſe *Uſe*:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender-Conſcienc'd of thy back:
Then ſtrip thee of thy Carnal *Jerkin*,
And give thy *outward-fellow* a ferking:
For when thy *Veſſel*, is new *hoop'd*,
All Leaks of *ſinning* will be ſtop'd.
Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter,
For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,
No man includes himſelf, nor turns
The *Point* upon his own Concerns.

As no man of his own ſelf catches
The *Itch*, or amorous *French Aches:*
So no man does himſelf convince
By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins.*
And though all cry down *Self*, none means
His own ſelf in a *literal Sence.*
Beſide, it is not only *Foppiſh*,
But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popiſh*,
For one man, out of his own Skin,
To friſk and whip another's *Sin:*
As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* breeches,
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this Caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in vain:
For we muſt take our *Oaths* upon it,
You did the *deed*, when I have done it.
Quoth *Hudibras*, That's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the *VVhip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whip'd you:
For when with your conſent 'tis done,
The *Act* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline men to
What they're averſe themſelves to do,
For when *Diſputes* are weari'd out,
'Tis *Intereſt* ſtill reſolves the doubt.
But ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;
For ſo it is, how e'er you mince it,
As ere we part I ſhall evince it,
And *curry* (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no, your *ſtubborn Leather*.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part,
I' th' publick *Work*, baſe as thou art?

To

To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy *Knight* an opulent *Spouſe*,
Whoſe *wealth* his *bowels* yern to purchaſe,
Merely for th' intereſt of the *Churches*;
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the *Cauſe*;
Nor ſhalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a Crow.
Y' had beſt (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Antients*
Say wiſely, *Have a care 'o th' main chance,*
And look before you ere you leap;
For, as you ſow, you are like to reap.
And were y' as good as *George a Green*,
I ſhall make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the *Iſſue*
In a juſt *Quarrel*; and mine is ſo.

Is't fitting for a man of *Honor*,
To whip the *Saints* like Biſhop *Bonner*,
A *Knight* t' uſurp the *Beadles* Office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave *Trophies*?
But I adviſe you (not for fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear,
And for the *Churches*, which may chance
From hence, to ſpring a variance;
And raiſe among themſelves new *Scruples*,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
We ſtill have worſted all your holy Tricks.
Trappan'd your party with *Intregue*,
And took your *Grandees* down a peg,
New-modell'd th' *Army*, and *caſhier'd*
All that to *Legion S M E C* adher'd,
Made a mere Utenſil o' your *Church*
And after left it in the lurch,

A Scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' done with 't, pull'd it down,
O'er reach'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,
And ſnap'd their *Cannons* with a *Why-not*.
(Grave *Synod-men* that were rever'd
For ſollid Face and depth of *Beard*)
Their *Claſſique-model* prov'd a Maggot,
Their *Directory* and *Indian Pagod*.
And drown'd their *Diſcipline* like a Kitten,
On which th' had been ſo long a fitting;
Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
Grown out of Date, and Obſolete,
And all the *Saints* o' the firſt Graſs,
As caſting *Foles* of *Balams Aſs*.
At this the *Knight* grew high in Chafe,
And ſtaring furiouſly on *Ralph*,
He trembl'd and lookt pale with ire,
Like Aſhes firſt, then Red as Fire.

Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for ſo many *Moons* lay'n by't;
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*:
Not but they thought me worth a *Ranſom*,
Much more conſiderable and handſom,
But for their own ſakes, and for fear,
They were not ſafe, when I was there?
Now to be baffl'd by a *Scoundrel*,
An upſtart *Sect'ry* and a *Mungrel*,
Such as breed out of peccant humors
Of our own *Church*, like *VVens*, and *Tumors*
And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
Would that which gave it life, devour:
It never ſhall be done, nor ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his *Blade*.
And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold,
Upon his *Basket hilt* laid hold,

With

With equal readineſs prepar'd
To draw, and ſtand upon his Guard,
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous *clamour*, and a loud one,
As of all ſorts of *Noiſe* had been
Contracted into one loud *Din*;
Or that ſome Member to be choſen,
Had got the *Odds* above a *Thouſand*;
And by the greatneſs of his noiſe,
Prov'd fitteſt for his *Countreys* choice.
This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the *Knight*,
And wrathful *Squire* into a fright;
And though they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal,
Impetious rancour, to joyn *Battle*;
Both though it was their wiſeſt courſe,
To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horſe*;
And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from danger of worſe *beating*.

Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his Courage,
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their ground
With horror and diſdain, wind-bound.
And now the cauſe of all their *fear*,
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent noiſe
Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys*,
And *Kettle Drums*, whoſe ſullen *Dub*
Sounds like the hooping of a *Tub*:
But when the Sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique Show,
A *Triumph*, that for *Pomp*, aud *State*,
Did proudeſt *Romans* emulate;
For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*
For foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging *Territory*,
(As ſome miſtaken write in *Story*)

Being

Being mounted in their beſt Aray,
Upon a *Carre*, and who but they?
And follow'd with a a world of *Tall* Lads,
That merry *Ditties* trol'd, and *Ballads*;
Did ride, with many a good morrow,
Crying, *hey for our Town* through the *Burrough*:
So when this *Triumph* drew ſo nigh,
They might particulars deſcry,
They never ſaw two things ſo Pat,
In all reſpects, as this, and that.
Firſt he that led the *Cavalcate*,
Wore a Sowgelders *Flagellate*,
On which he blew ſo ſtrong a *Levet*,
As well fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*.
When over one another's heads,
They charge (three Ranks at once) like Swedes
Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all keys,
From *Trebles* down to *double-baſe*,

And

And, after them upon a *Nag*,
That might paſs for a forehand Stag,
A *Cornet* rode, and on his Staff,
A Smock diſplay'd, did proudly wave,
Then *Bagpipes* of the loudeſt Drones,
With ſnuffing broken-winded tones;
Whoſe blaſts of Air in Pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier than from the Gut,
And make a viler noiſe than *Swine*
In windy-weather, when they whine.
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,
Full fraught with that, which for good manner
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with *Grains*
Which he diſpenc'd among the *Swains*,
And buſily upon the Crowd,
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then mounted on a horned *Horſe*,
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt-ſpurs*.

Ty'

Ty'd to the *Pummel* of a long *Swor*
He held reverſt the point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,
The Conqueror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
And bore aloft before the *Champion*
A *Petticoat* diſplay'd, and Rampant;
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant,
Beſtrid her *Beaſt*, and on the *Rump* on't
Sate face to *Tayl*, and *Bum* to *Bum*,
The *Warrier* whilome overcome;
Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Diſtaff*,
Which as he rode, ſhe made him twiſt off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder,
Chaſtiz'd the *Reformado* Souldier.
Before the *Dame*, and round about,
March'd *Whiſtlers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,
With *Lacquies*, *Grooms*, *Valets* and *Pages*,
In fit and proper equipages;

Or-

Of whom, ſome Torches bore, ſome Links,
Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,
That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Joan*;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous ſhout.
The *Knight* tranſported, and the *Squire*
Put up their Weapons, and their Ire;
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch Sights, with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *Animadverſions*, for his Heart.
Quoth he, In all my life till now,
I ne'er ſaw ſo prophane a *Show*.
It is a *Paganiſh* invention,
Which *Heathen* writers often mention:
And he, who made it, had read *Goodwin*
(I warrant him) and underſtood him:

With

With all the Grecians *Speeds* and *Stows*:
That best describe those Antient Shows,
And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*,
We find describ'd by old *Historians*.
For as a *Roman Conqueror*,
That put an end to forraign *War*,
Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it,
Bore a Slave with him, in his Chariot:
So this insulting *Female Brave*
Carries behind her here, a *Slave*,
And as the *Antients* long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their *Mantles della Guer*;
So her proud *Standard-bearer* here,
Waves, on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for a *Banner*:
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still born before the *Emperor*:

And as in *Antique Triumphs*, *Eggs*
Were born for myſtical intregues;
There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries *Eggs* too, freſh or adle;
And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout beſtows.
Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter;
For, all th' *Antiquity* you ſmatter,
Is but a *Riding*, us'd of courſe,
When the *Grey Mares the better Horſe.*
When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*
Fight, to extend their vaſt *Dominion*,
And in the cauſe impatient *Grizel*
Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bulls-Pizle*,
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
To turn her *Vaſſail* with a *Murrain*;
When *Wives* their Sexes ſhift, like *Hares*
And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-Mares*,

And they in mortal *Battle* vanquiſh'd,
Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,
And by the right of *VVar*, like *Gils*,
Condemn, to *Diſtaff*, *Horns*, and *VVheels*;
For when men by their *VVives* are Cow'd,
Their *Horns* of courſe are underſtood,
Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou ſtill giv'ſt ſentence
Impertinently, and againſt ſence.
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement,
To be defeated by th' event:
Not to be beaten by main *force*,
That does not make a man the worſe,
Although his ſhoulders, with *Batoon*,
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to ſome tune;
A *Taylors* Prentice has no hard
Meaſure, that's bang'd with a true yard:
But to turn *Tail*, or run away,
And without blows give up the Day;

Or

Or to ſurrender ere the *Aſſault*,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault:
And renders men of *Honor* leſs
Than all th' *Adverſity* of Succeſs,
And only unto ſuch this Shew
Of *Horns*, and *Petticoats*, is due.
There is a leſſer *Profanation*,
Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*.
For as *Ovation* was allow'd
For *Conqueſt*, purchas'd without blood,
So men decree thoſe leſſer Shows,
For *Victʼry* gotten without blows.
By dint of ſharp hard words, which ſome
Give *Battle* with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
VVhich *Moderns* call a *Cucking-ſtool*,
March proudly to the River's ſide,
And o'er the *VVaves* in *Triumph* ride.
Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are ſed

The *Adriatique Sea* to wed,
And have a gentler *Wife*, than those,
For whom the *State* decrees those Shows.
But both are *Heathenish* and come
From th' *Whores* of *Babylon* and *Rome*,
And by the *Saints* should be withstood,
As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*,
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost *struglings* to prohibite.
This said, they both advanc'd, and rid,
A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,
T' attack the *Leader*, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him *breast* to *breast*.
Then *Hudibras*, with face and hand,
Made signs for *Silence*, which obtain'd:
What means (quoth he) this dev'lish *Procession*
With men of *Orthodox* profession?
'Tis *Ethnique* and *Idolatrous*,
From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.

Does not the Whore of *Babylon* ride
Upon her *Horned Beast* astride,
Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
A Type of her, or she of this?
Are things of Superstitious *function*,
Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sunshine*?
It is an *Antichristian Opera*,
Much us'd in midnight times of *Popery*;
A running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane *Intentions*;
To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,
To whom the *Saints* are so beholding,
Women, who were our first *Apostles*,
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
In which the *Cause* might be concern'd:
Brought in their Childrens *Spoons* and *Whistles*,
To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols*:

Their

Their *Husbands*, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
To take the *Saints* and *Churches* parts;
Drew ſeveral gifted *Brethren* in,
That for the *Biſhops* would have been,
And fix'd them conſtant to the *Party*,
With motives pow'rful and hearty:
Their Husbands rob'd, and made hard ſhifts
T'adminiſter unto their *Guifts*;
All they could rap, and run and pilfer,
To ſcraps, and ends of Gold and Silver;
Rub'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and ſpent,
With holding forth for *Parliament*;
Pamper'd and edify'd their *Zeal*
With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal;
Enabled them, with ſtore of meat,
On controverted *Points* to eat;
And cram'd them till their *guts* did ake,
With *Cawdle*, *Cuſtard*, and *Plum-cake*.

What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the *Cauſe* at *London*?
March'd rank and file, with *Drum* and *Enſign*,
T' entrench the *City*, for defence, in;
Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own ſoft hands,
To put the Enemy to ſtands;
From *Ladies* down to *Oyſter-Wenches*,
Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,
Fell to their *Pick-Axes* and *Tools*,
And help'd the men to dig like *Moles*?
Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*,
Choſen o' their Members a *Committee*?
For raiſing of a *Common-Purſe*,
Out of their Wages, to raiſe *Horſe*?
And do they not as *Triers* ſit,
To judge what *Officers* are fit?
Have they——? At that at an *Egg*, let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,

And

And running down his Cheek, beſmear'd,
With Orange-tawny-ſlime, his *Beard*:
But *Beard*, and ſlime being of one Hue,
The *wound* the leſs appear'd in view.
Then he that on the *Panniers* rode,
Let fly o' th' other ſide a load;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In *Ralpho*'s face, another *Volley*.
The *Knight* was ſtartl'd with the ſmell,
And for his Sword began to feel:
And *Ralpho* ſmother'd with the ſtink,
Graſp'd his: when one that bore a *Link*,
O' th' ſudden, clap'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like *Linſtock*, to the Horſe's *touch-hole*;
And ſtreight another with his *Flambeaux*,
Gave *Ralpho*'s, o'er the eyes, a damn'd blow.
The *Beaſts* began to kick, and fling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.

Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And though diſorder'd in Retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his ſeat:
For quitting both their *Swords* and *Rains*,
They graſp'd with all their ſtrength the *manes*;
And to avoid the foes purſuit,
With ſpurring put their Cattle to't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'r look't behind.
After th' had paus'd a while, ſupplying
Their *ſpirits* ſpent with fight and flying,
And *Hudibras* recruited force,
Of Lungs, for *action* or *diſcourſe*:
Quoth he, that man is ſure to loſe,
That ſouls his *hands* with durty foes:
For where no *honor*'s to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd,

'Twas

'Twas ill for us we had to do
With ſo diſhonorable a Foe:
For though the *Law of Arms* does bar
The uſe of venom'd ſhot in *War*,
Yet by the nauſeous ſmell, and noiſom,
Their *Caſe-ſhot* ſavours ſtrong of *poiſon*;
And doubtleſs have been chew'd with teeth
Of ſome that had a *ſtinking breath*:
Elſe when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh.
But as thoſe *Pultroons* that fling durt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the *Honor* they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave Retreat, without purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in Triumph led;

Than which, the *Ancients* held no ſtate,
Of Man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
Do chance to reach the *Widows* ear,
It may, b'ing deſtin'd to aſſert
Her *Sex's Honor*, reach her heart.
And as ſuch hon'ely Treats (they ſay)
Portend good *Fortune*, ſo this may.
Veſpaſian being dawb'd with durt,
Was deſtin'd to the Empire for't;
And from a Scavinger did come
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*:
And why may not this foul *Addreſs*
Preſage in Love the ſame ſucceſs?
Then let us ſtreight to cleanſe our wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt *Ponds*;
And after (as we firſt *deſign'd*)
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe enjoin'd.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight *with various doubts poſſeſt*
To win the Lady, *goes in Queſt*
Of Sidrophel *the* Roſy-crucian,
To know the Deſtinies Reſolution;
With whom being met, they both chop Logick
About the Science Aſtrologick.
Till falling from Diſpute, to Fight,
The Conjurer's *worſted by the* Knight.

DOubtleſs the pleaſure is as great
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat*.
As lookers-on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a *Juglers* ſlight;
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his ſlight of hand.

Some

Some with a noiſe, and greaſie light,
Are ſnapt, as men catch *Larks* by night;
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
As Noozes by the *legs* catch *Foul*.
Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
And though it be a two-foot *Trout*,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.
Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*;
So ſweet as *Lawyer* in his *Bar-gown*.
Until, with ſubtle Cobweb-cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more th're tangled;
And while their *Purſes* can diſpute,
There's no end of th' immortal Suit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The Cabinet deſigns of *Fate*,

Apply

Apply to *Wisards* to fore-see
What shall, and what shall never be:
And as those *Vulturs* do foreboad,
Believe Events prove *bad*, or *good*.
A flam more senseless than the Roguery
Of old *Auruspicy* and *Augury*.
That out of *Garbages* of *Cattle*,
Presag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battle*;
From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickins pecking*,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon,
Though *Cheats*, yet more intelligible,
Than those that with the *Stars* do fribble.
This *Hudibras* by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll shew.
For He, with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
Being mounted on his *Steed* agen,
(And *Ralpho* got a Cock-horse too
Upon his *Beast*, with much ado)

Ad-

Advanc'd on for the *Widows* houſe,
T' acquit himſelf and pay his *Vows*;
When various *thoughts* began to buſtle,
And with his inward man to juſtle.
He thought what *danger* might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he *ſwore* untrue:
Or, if his *Squire*, or he ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their *Tale*;
It might at once the ruine prove
Both of his *Honor*, *Faith*, and *Love*.
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*;
And that he durſt not now for ſhame
Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.
This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,
To paſs *time*, and uneaſie *trot*.
Quoth he, in all my paſt *Adventures*,
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the Tenters,

Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
That, every way I turn, does hem me;
And with inextricable doubt,
Befets my puzled *Wits* about:
For though the *Dame* has been my Bail,
To free me from enchanted *Jail*:
Yet as a *Dog* committed clofe
For ſome offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his *Chain*.
So though my *Ankle* ſhe has quitted,
My *Heart* continues ſtill committed.
And like a *Bayl'd* and *Mainprize'd Lover*,
Although at large, I am bound over.
And when I ſhall appear in *Court*,
To plead my *Cauſe*, and anſwer for't
Unleſs the *Judge* do partial prove,
What will become of *Me* and *Love*?

For,

For, if in our account we vary,
Or but in *Circumstance* miscarry,
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my *Doublet* off,
To shew by evident Record,
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word:
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honor* lost,
Shall be reduc'd t'a *Knight o'th' Post*:
Beside, that *Stripping* may prevent
What I'm to prove by *Argument*;
And justifie I have a *Tail*,
And that way too, my *proof* may fail.
Or that I could enucleate,
And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;
Or find by *Necromantick Art*,
How far the *Destinies* take my part;

For

For if I were not more than certain,
To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,
I'd go no farther in this *Courtship*,
To hazard *Soul*, *Eſtate*, and *Worſhip*.
For though an *Oath* obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd,) yet 'tis *profane*
And *ſinful*, when men *ſwear* in *vain*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,
That deals in *Deſtinies* dark *Counſels*,
And ſage *Opinions* of the *Moon* ſells;
To whom all *People* far and near,
On deep importances repair.
When *Braſs* and *Pewter* hap to ſtray,
And *Linnen* ſlinkt out of the way;
When *Geeſe* and *Pullen* are ſeduc'd,
And *Sows* of ſucking *Pigs* are chews'd;

When

When *Cattle* feel Indiſpoſition,
And need th' opinion of *Phyſitian*;
When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs*, or *Sheep*,
And *Chickens* languiſh of the *Pip*;
When *Teaſt*, and outward means do *fail*,
And have no pow'r to work on *Ale*;
When *Butter* does refuſe to come,
And *Love* proves *croſs* and *humorſome*:
To him with *Queſtions*, and with *Urine*,
They for diſcov'ry flock, or *Curing*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
I've heard of, and ſhould like it well,
If thou canſt prove the *Saints*, have freedom,
To go to *Sorc'rers* when they need 'em.
Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that:
Thoſe *Principles* I quoted late,
Prove that the *Godly* may alledge
For any thing their *Priviledge*;

And to the Dev'l himſelf may go,
If they have *motives* thereunto,
For as there is a *War* between
The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
If they, by ſubtle Stratagem,
Make uſe of *him*, as he does *them*.
Has not this preſent *Parliament*
A *Legar* to the *Devil* ſent,
Fully empower'd to Treat about
Finding revolted *Witches* out:
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd Threeſcore of them in one *Shire*?
Some only for not being *drown'd*,
And ſome for ſitting above ground,
Whole *days* and *Nights* upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
And ſome for putting *Knaviſh* tricks
Upon *Green-Geeſe*, and *Turkey Chicks*,

Or *Pigs*, that ſuddenly deceaſt,
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a *Witch*,
And made a Rod for his own *breech*.
Did not the Dev'l appear to *Martin*
Luther, in *Germany*, for certain;
And would have gull'd him with a Trick,
But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge,
At *Antwerp*, their Cathedral Church?
Sing catches to the *Saints* at *Maſcon*,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to *Kelly*?
And ſpeak i' th' *Nun* at *Londons* Belly?
Meet with the *Parliament's Commit.ee*
At *Woodſtock*, on a Pars'nal Treaty?
At *Sarum* take a *Cavalier*
I' th' *Cauſe's* ſervice, *Priſoner*?

As *Withers* in immortal Rime
Has regiſter'd to after-time?
Do not our great *Reformers* uſe
This *Sidrophel* to foreboad *News*?
To write of *Victories* next Year,
And *Caſtles* taken yet i' th' *Air*;
Of Battels fought at *Sea*, and Ships
Sunk, two Years hence, the laſt Eclips?
A Total O'erthrow giv'n the *King*
In *Cornwal*, *Horſe*, and *Foot*, next Spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'er the cloſe *Committee* would?
Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cauſe*,
The *Moon* for Fundamental *Laws*?
The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
Againſt the Book of *Common Pray'r*?
The *Scorpion* take the *Proteſtation*,
And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*?

Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
Compound, and take the *Covenant.*
Quoth *Hudibras*, The caſe is clear,
The *Saints* ma' imploy a *Conjurer*,
As thou haſt prov'd it by their *practice*,
No *Argument* like matter of Fact is:
And we are beſt of all led to
Mens *Principles* by what they do.
Then let us ſtrait advance in queſt
Of this profound *Gymnoſophiſt*:
And as the *Fates*, and *He* adviſe,
Purſue, or wave this *Enterpriſe.*
This ſaid, he turn'd about his Steed,
And eftſoons on th' adventure rid,
Where, leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a while,
And to the *Conj'rer* turn our ſtile:
To let our *Reader* underſtand
What's uſeful of him, before hand,

He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,
Opticks, *Philoſophy*, and *Staticks*,
Magick, *Horoſcopy*, *Aſtrology*,
And was *old Dog* at *Phyſiology*;
But, as a *Dog* that turns the ſpit,
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his feet,
To climb the *Wheel*; but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again:
And ſtill he's in the ſelf-ſame place,
Where at his ſetting out he was.
So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,
Did he advance his nat'ral Parts;
Till falling back ſtill, for retreat,
He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*;
For as thoſe *Fowls* that live in Water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His Underſtanding ſtill was clear.

Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bod Grosted*,
Th' *Intelligible World* he knew,
And all men, dream on't, to be true:
That in this *World*, there's not a *Wart*,
That has not there a Counterpart;
Nor can there on the *face* of Ground,
An Individual *Beard* be found,
That has not, in that foreign *Nation*,
A Fellow of the self-same fashion;
So *cut*, so *color'd*, and so *curl'd*,
As those are, in th' *Inferior World*.
H' had read *Dee*'s Prefaces before
The *Dev'l*, and *Euclide* o'er and o'er.
And all th' *Intrigues*, 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Lescus, and th' *Emperor*, would not tell ye.
But with the *Moon* was more familiar
Than e'er was *Almanack* well-willer.

Her ſecrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there.
Knew when he was in fitteſt mood,
For cutting *Corns*, or letting *blood*:
When for anointing *Scabs* and *Itches*,
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches*;
When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be ſpade,
And in what Sign beſt *Sider*'s made,
Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increaſe*,
Beſt to ſet *Garlick*, or ſow *Peaſe*.
Who firſt found out the *Man i'th' Moon*,
That to the *Ancients* was unknown;
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*,
Their *Airy Empire*: and command
Their ſev'ral ſtrengths by Sea and Land;
What factions th' have, and what they drive at
In publick Vogue, and what in private;

With what Deſigns and Intereſts,
Each Party manages Conteſts,
He made an *Inſtrument* to know
If the *Moon* ſhine at Full or no,
That would as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhon, ſtrait
Whether 'twere Day or Night demonſtrate;
Tell what her *D'ameter* t' an Inch is,
And prove ſhe is not made of *Green-Cheeſe*:
It would demonſtrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean.*
And that it is no *Dog*, nor *Bitch*,
That ſtands behind him at his breech;
But a huge *Caſpian Sea*, or *Lake*
With *Arms* which Men for *Legs* miſtake,
How large a *Gulph* his Tail compoſes,
And what a goodly *Bay* his Noſe is;
How many *German* Leagues by th' ſcale,
Cape-Snout's from *Promontory-Tayl*:

He made a *Planetary Gin*,
Which *Rats* would run their own heads in,
And come o' purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' expence of Cheeſe or Bacon;
With *Lute-ſtrings* he would counterfeit
Maggots, that crawl on diſh of meat,
Quote Moles and Spots, on any place
O' th' body, by the *Index-face*:
Detect loſt *Maidenheads*, by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind of *Dames*, or piſſing,
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
Of *Med'cines*, to th' *Imagination*.
Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and ſcare
With *Rimes* the *Tooth-ach* and *Catarrh*,
Chaſe evil *ſpirits* away by dint
Of *Cickle Horſeſhooe*, *Hollow-ſtint*.
Spit fire out of a *Walnut-ſhell*,
Which made the *Roman* Slaves rebell.

And fire a Mine in *China*, here,
With Sympathetick *Gunpowder*.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew, would own.
What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelſus*
Could make a man with, as he tells us.
What figur'd *Slats* are beſt to make,
On wat'ry ſurface, *Duck* or *Drake*.
What *Bowling-ſtones*, in running race
Upon a *Board*, have ſwifteſt pace.
Whether a *Pulſe* beat in the black
Liſt of a Dapl'd *Louſe*'s back.
If *Syſtole* or *Diaſtole* move
Quickeſt, when he's in wrath, or love:
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*,
How many ſcores a *Flea* will jump,
Of his own length, from Head to Rump;

Which

Which *Socrates*, and *Chærephon*
In vain, eſſay'd ſo long agon;
Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Noſe* is,
And not an Elephant's *Proboſcis*,
How many different *Speciefes*
Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheeſe,
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engendred in a *Chandler*'s Noſe.
Or thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*;
A paultry Wretch, he had, half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of *Zany* ſerv'd;
Hight *Whachum*, bred to daſh and draw,
Not *Wine*, but more unwholſome *Law*;
To make 'twixt words and lines, huge gaps,
Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
To ſquander Paper, and ſpare Ink,
Or cheat men of their words, ſome think;

From this, by merited degrees,
He to more high Advancement rise:
To be an Under-*Conjurer*,
Or Journy-man *Astrologer*:
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
And Men with their own keys unriddle.
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the *Necromancers*.
To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all *Discoveries* disperse,
Among th' whole *pack* of *Conjurers*;
What *Cutpurses* have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem;
And, what they dare not vend, find out,
To gain themselves, and th' *Art*, repute.
Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers* Shops.

Of Thieves *aſcendent* in the *Cart*,
And find out all by rules of *Art*.
Which way a Serving-man that's run
With Cloaths or Mony away, is gone:
Who pick'd a *Fob*, at *Holding-forth*,
And where a *Watch*, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or Stolen Plate
Reſtor'd, at Conſcionable rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his *Maſter*
In quality of *Poetaſter*:
And *Rimes* appropriate could make,
To ev'ry month i' th' *Almanack*.
When *Terms* begin, and end, could tell,
With their *Returns*, in *Doggerel*.
When the *Exchequer* opes and ſhuts,
And *Songelder*, with ſafety cuts.
When Men may Eat and Drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will.

When

When uſe, and when abſtain from Vice,
Figs, *Grapes*, *Phlebotomy*, and *Spice*.
And as in *Priſons*, mean Rogues beat
Hemp, for the ſervice of the *Great*;
So *Whachum* beat his durty brains,
T' advance his Maſters Fame and Gains;
And like the Devil's *Oracles*,
Put into *Dogrel-Rimes* his *Spells*,
Which over ev'ry Months blank-page
I' th' *Almanack*, ſtrange *Bilks* preſage.
He would an *Elegy* compoſe
On Maggots ſqueez'd out of his Noſe;
In *Lyrick* numbers write an *Ode* on
His Miſtriſs, eating a Black-pudden:
And when impriſon'd Air eſcap'd her,
It puft him with *Poetick Rapture*:
His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troul'd aloud;

That,

That, circl'd with his long-ear'd Gueſts,
Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beaſts,
A *Carman*'s Horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to *Poetry*,
No Porter's *Burthen* paſt along,
But ſerv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
Each Windore, like a *Pill'ry* appears,
With heads thruſt through, nail'd by the Ears:
All Trades run in as to the ſight
Of Monſters, or their dear delight;
The *Gallow-Tree*, when cutting Purſe,
Breeds bus'neſs for *Heroick* Verſe,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T've been the *Theame* of ſuch a *Song*.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In *Manſion* prudently contriv'd;
Where neither Tree, nor Houſe could bar
The free detection of a *Star*;

And nigh an *Antient Obelisk*
Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,
On which was written, not in words,
But *Hieroglyphick* Mute of *Birds*,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The worth of *Astrologick* Learning:
From top of this there hung a *Rope*,
To which he fastned *Telescope*;
The *Spectacles*, with which the Stars
He reads in smalleſt *Characters*.
It hapned as a *Boy*, one night,
Did fly his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*,
The strangest long-wing'd *Hauk* that flies,
That like a *Bird* of *Paradise*.
Or *Heralds* Martlet, has no *legs*,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lay *Eggs*;
His *Train* was six yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,

Enclos'd

Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,
That far off like a *Star* did appear:
This *Sidrophel* by chance eſpy'd,
And with Amazement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us, quoth he, What dreadful wonder
Is that, appears in *Heaven* yonder?
A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*?
Or *Star*, that ne're before appear'd;
I'm certain, 'tis not in the *Scrowl*,
Of all thoſe Beaſts, and Fiſh and Fowl,
With which, like *Indian Plantations*,
The Learned ſtock the *Conſtellations*:
Nor thoſe that drawn from *Signs* have bin,
To th' *Houſes* where the *Planets* Inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be that Cannon-Ball,
That, ſhot in th' Air, point-blank, upright,
Was born to that prodigious height,

That learn'd *Philoſophers* maintain,
It ne're came backwards, down agen;
But in the *Aëry Region* yet,
Hangs like the Body o' *Mahomet.*
For if it be above the Shade,
That by the *Earths* round bulk is made,
'Tis probable, it may, from far,
Appear no Bullet but a Star.
This ſaid, He to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it, till it levell'd right
Againſt the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kite.*
Then peeping through, (*bleſs* us quoth he)
It is a *Planet* now I ſee;
And if I err not, by this proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-ſtopper*,
It ſhould be *Saturn*: yes, 'tis clear
'Tis *Saturn*, But what makes him there?

He's

He's got between the *Dragon's* Tail,
And farther Leg behind, o'th' *Whale*;
Pray *Heaven*, divert the fatal Omen,
For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common,
And can no leſs than the *Worlds* end,
Of *Natures* funeral portend.
With that he fell again to pry
Through *Perſpective* more wiſtfully,
When by miſchance, the fatal ſtring
That kept the *Tow'ring Fowl* on wing,
Breaking, down fell the Star: Well ſhot,
Quoth *Whachum*, who right wiſely thought
H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it:
But *Sidrophel* more ſubtle-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful,
Portent is this, to ſee a Star fall?
It threatens *Nature*, and the doom
Will not be long before it come.

When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
The *Day of Judgment*'s not far off:
As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*.
And ſome of us find out by *Magick*.
Then, ſince the time we have to live,
In this *world*'s ſhortned, Let us ſtrive,
To make our beſt advantage of it,
And pay our loſſes with our profit.
This feat fell out, not long before
The *Knight* upon the forenam'd ſcore,
In queſt of *Sidrophel* advancing,
Was now in proſpect of the *Manſion*:
Whom he diſcovering, turn'd his *Glaſs*,
And found far off, 'twas *Hudibraſs*.
Whachum (quoth he) look yonder; ſome
To try, or uſe our Art, are come:
The one's the Learned *Knight*; ſeek out,
And pump 'em, what they come about.

Whachum

Whachum advanc'd with all ſubmiſsneſs,
T' accoſt 'em, but much more, their bus'neſs.
He held the Stirrup, while the *Knight*,
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,
And taking from his hand, the Bridle,
Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle.
He gave him firſt the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, *as he might ſay*:
He ask'd them whence they came, and whither
Their buſineſs lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither;
Did you not loſe —— Quoth *Ralpho*, Nay;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your *way*;
Your *Knight* —— Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover*,
And pains intolerable doth ſuffer,
For *Lovers* Hearts are not their own Hearts,
Nor Lights nor Lungs, and ſo forth downwards;
What time —— Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir too long,
Three years it off and on, has hung ——

Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis.
Quoth *Ralpho*, between ſeven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my ſmall *Art*
Tells me, the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
Or great *Eſtate* —— Quoth *Ralph*, a *Joynter*,
Which makes him have ſo hot a mind t' her.
Mean while the *Knight* was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the *Wizard* ſteps in,
To give him a ſuitable Reception;
But kept his bus'neſs at a *Bay*,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way.
Who having now by *Ralpho*'s light,
Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the *Conj'rers* ear.
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,

Before these *Gentlemen* arriv'd?
Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retriv'd,
In opposition with *Mars*,
And no benigne friendly Stars
T' allay th' effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!
In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth *Whachum*, No.
Has *Saturn* nothing to do in't?
One tenth of 's *Circle* to a minute.
'Tis well, quoth he——Sir you'l excuse
This rudeness, I am forced to use,
It is a *Scheme*, and *face* of *Heaven*
As the *Aspects* are dispos'd, this *Even*,
I was contemplating upon,
When you arriv'd: but now I've done.
Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt
Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd

Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuſe.
By no means, Sir, Quoth *Sidrophel*,
The Stars your coming did foretel:
I did expect you here, and know,
Before you ſpeak your bus'neſs too.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after on your word,
Howe're unlikely, or abſurd.
You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you;
And three years has rid your *Wit*
And *Paſſion* without drawing *Bit*:
And now your bus'neſs is, to know
If you ſhall carry her, or no.
Quoth *Hudibras*, you're in the right,
But how the *Devil* you come by't,

I cann't imagine; for the *Stars*
I'm ſure, can tell no more than a *Horſe*,
Nor can their *Aſpects* (though you pore
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than the *Oracle* of *Sive* and *Sheers*,
That turns as certain as the *Spheres*;
But if the *Devil's* of your Counſel,
Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*,
And 'tis on this account I come,
To know from you my fatal Doom.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect and take the *Alarm*,
Your buſ'neſs is but to inform:
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a *wrong ſow by the Ear*,
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by *Rules* of *Art*,

Such

Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of *Aſtrology*:
But for the *Devil*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I deſie him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye
I underſtand your *Metonymie*;
Your words of ſecond hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The Myſtick ſenſe of all your *Terms*,
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
To raiſe the *Devil*, and mean one thing,
And that is, down-right *Conjuring*:
And in its ſelf more warrantable,
Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,
Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont
To make her from her Sphere diſmount,

And to their *Incantations* ſtoop,
They ſcorn'd to pore through *Teleſcope*,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy, or fair weather,
Which every *Almanack* can tell,
Perhaps, as learnedly, and well,
As you your ſelf—— Then friend I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about.
Your Modern *Indian Magician*
Makes but a hole i'th' Earth to piſs in,
And ſtreit reſolves all Queſtions by't,
And ſeldom fails to be i'th' right.
The *Roſy-crucian* way's more ſure,
To bring the Devil to the Lure;
Each of 'em has a ſev'ral Gin,
To catch *Intelligences* in.
Some by the *Noſe* with fumes trappan 'um,
As *Dunſtan did the Devil's Grannum.*

Others

Others with *Characters* and *Words*,
Catch 'em as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*.
And ſome with *Symbols*, *Signs* and *Tricks*,
Engarv'd in *Planetary* Nicks,
With their own influences, will fetch 'em,
Down from their Orbs, arreſt and catch'em;
Make 'em depoſe, and anſwer to
All *Queſtions* e'er they let him go.
Bumbaſtus, *kept a Devil's Bird*
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning Pranks,
Of paſt and future *Mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his Feats upon
The Devil's *Looking-Glaſs*, *a Stone*,
Where playing with him at *Bo-peep*,
He ſolv'd all *Problems* ne're ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a *Stygian-pug*,
I' th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,

That

That was his *Tutor*; and the *Curr*
Read to th' occult *Philoſopher*,
And taught him ſubtly to maintain
All other *Sciences are vain.*
To this, quoth *Sidrophello*, Sir,
Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelſus*, no nor *Behman*;
Nor was the Dog a *Cacodæmon*,
But a true *Dog*, that would ſhew tricks
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o're ſticks;
Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil,
Than other *Dogs*, but yet no Devil;
And whatſoe'er he's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the *Roſie-croſs Philoſophers*,
Whom you will have to be but *Sorcerers*;
What they pretend to, is no more,
Than *Triſmegiſtus* did before,

Pythagoras

Pythagoras, old *Zoroaſter*,
And *Appollonius* their Maſter;
To whom they do confeſs I ow,
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas what is't to us,
Whether 'twere ſaid by *Triſmegiſtus*:
If it be *nonſence*, *falſe*, or *myſtick*,
Or not *intelligible*, or *ſophiſtick*.
'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,
That makes *truth truth*, although *time's daughter*;
'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,
Before he pull'd her out of it.
And as he eats his *Sons*, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his *Daughters* too.
Nor do's it follow, cauſe a *Herald*
Can make a Gentleman ſcarce a year old,
To be deſcended of a Race,
Of ancient *Kings* in a ſmall ſpace;

That

That we ſhould all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
Of prudence, to cry down an *Art*;
And what it may perform, deny
Becauſe you underſtand not why.
(As *Averrhois* play'd but mean trick,
To damn our whole *Art* for *Excentrick*)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the *Tops* of *Mountains*,
But on their ſides, or riſing's ſeat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vaſt height,
Do not the Hiſt'ries of all *Ages*
Relate miraculous preſages,
Of ſtrange turns in the *World's* affairs,
Foreſeen b' *Aſtrologers*, *Soothſayers*,
Chaldeans, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,
And ſome that have writ *Almanacks*?

The

The *Median* Emp'rour dream't his Daughter,
Had pist all *Asia* under water,
And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *haunches*,
O'erspread his *Empire*, with its branches;
And did not *Soothsayers* expound it,
As after by th'event he found it?
When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
And in resentment of his slaughter,
Look'd pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having, b' oversight,
Put on his left Shoe, 'fore his right,
Had like to have been Slain that day,
By *Soldiers* mutining for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which Stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all *Countreys*,
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon Trees?

The

The *Roman Senate*, when within
The City-walls an *Owl* was ſeen,
Did cauſe their *Clergy* with *Luſtrations*,
(Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*,)
The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t' avert
From doing *Town* or *Country* hurt.
And if an *Owl* have ſo much pow'r,
Why ſhould not *Planets* have much more?
That in a *Region*, far above
Inferior Fowls o' th' *Air*, move,
And ſhould ſee farther, and fore-know,
More then their *Augury* below:
Though that once ſerv'd the *Polity*
Of mighty States to govern by;
And this is that we take in hand,
By pow'rful *Art* to underſtand.
Which, how we have perform'd, all Ages
Can ſpeak th' *Events* of our preſages,

Have we not lately in the *Moon*
Found a new *World* to th' *Old* unknown?
Diſcover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* could never compaſs?
Made Mountains with our *Tubes* appear,
And Cattle gazing on 'em there?
Quoth *Hudibraſs*, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a *Teleſcope*,
Can find your tricks out, and deſcry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie.
For *Anaxagoras* long agon,
Saw *Hills*, as well as you i' th' *Moon*;
And held the *Sun* was but a piece
Of *Red-hot-Ir'n* as big as *Greece*;
Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*,
Becauſe the *Sun* had voided one;
And rather than he would recant
Th' *Opinion*, ſuffer'd Baniſhment.

But what, alas, what is't to us,
Whether i'th' *Moon*, men thus or thus,
Do eat their *Porridge*, cut their Corns,
Or whether they have Tails or Horns?
What *Trade* from thence can you advance
But what we nearer have from *France*?
What can our *Travellers* bring home,
That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
What *Politicks*, or ſtrange *Opinions*,
That are not in our own *Dominions*?
What Science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here Commence?
What Revelations, or Religions,
That are not in our Native *Regions*?
Are ſweating *Lanthorns*, or *Screen-Fans*
Made better there, than th'are in *France*?
Or do they teach to *ſing* and *play*
O'th' *Gittar* there a newer way?

Can they make *Plays* there, that ſhall fit
The *Publick Humor* with leſs *Wit*?
Write *wittier Dances*, quainter Shows,
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
Or does the Man i'th' *Moon* look big,
And wear a huger *Periwig*,
Shew in his Gate, or Face, more tricks
Than our own *Native Lunaticks*?
But if w' out-do him here at home,
What good of your deſign can come?
As *wind* i' th' *Hypochondrias* pent
Is but a blaſt if downward ſent;
But if it upwards chance to fly,
Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecy*:
So when our Speculations tend,
Above their juſt and uſeful end,
Although they promiſe ſtrange and great,
Diſcoveries of things far fet,

They

They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
And favor strongly of the *Ganzas*,
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,
Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws
The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*,
Resolve that with your *Jacobs-staff*;
Or why Wolves raise a Hubbub at her,
And *Dogs* howl when she shines in water;
And I shall freely give my *Vote*,
You may know something more remote.
At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
And staring round with *Owl-like* Eies,
He put his face into a posture
Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster;
For having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said.
Art has no mortal Enemies
Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;

Thoſe Conſecrated Geeſe in Orders,
That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*;
And being then upon *Petrol*,
With noiſe alone beat of the *Gaul*.
Or thoſe *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
That will not credit their own *Souls*;
Or any Science underſtand,
Beyond the reach of Eye, or Hand:
But meaſ'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold, Nothing's to be known.
Thoſe whole-ſale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-Houſes*, cry down all *Philoſophy*
And will not know, upon what ground
In *Nature*, we our *Doctrine* found;
Although with pregnant evidence,
We can demonſtrate it to ſence.
As I juſt now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know,

Were

Were the *Stars* only made to light
Robbers and Burglaries by night?
To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,
And *Lovers* solacing behind Doors?
Or giving one another Pledges?
Of *Mrtrimony* under Hedges?
Or Witches *Simpling*, and on *Gibbets*
Cutting from *Malefactors* snippets?
Or from the *Pillory* tips of Ears
Of Rebel-Saints, and Perjurers?
Only to stand by and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a *Constellation* there,
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferior Concern.
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'm Pirats, Whores, and Thieves?

And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old *Practiſes* ſome skill?
Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
Does not derive its *Houſe* from *Earth*?
And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and hath been done below?
Who made the *Ballance*, or whence came
The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?
Did not we here, the *Argo* rigg
Make *Berenice*'s *Periwig*?
Whoſe *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?
Or who made *Caſſiopæa*'s Chair?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold *Intelligence*.
Plato deyn'd, the *World* can be
Govern'd without *Geometry*,
(For Mony b'ing the common Scale
Of things by meaſure, weight, and tale;

In

In all th' affairs of *Church and State*,
Tis both the *Ballance* and the *Weight*:)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine *Aſtrology* made out,
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as *Heaven*'s above *Earth*.
The reaſons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant
Than any that the *Learned* uſe,
Upon this *ſubject* to produce;
And yet, th' are far from ſatisfactory
T' eſtabliſh and keep up your *Factory*.
The *Egyptians* ſay, the *Sun* has twice
Shifted his *ſetting* and his *riſe*;
Twice has he riſen in the *Weſt*,
As many times ſet in the *Eaſt*;
But whether that be true, or no,
The *Devil* any of you know,

Some hold, the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
Are kept by *Circulation* up;
And 'twere not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground:
As sage *Empedocles* of old,
And from him *Modern* Authors old.
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*,
Below all other *Planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* seat
Above the *Sun* himself in height.
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
That in Twelve hundred years, and odd,
The *Sun* had left his ancient Road,
And nearer to the Earth, is come
'Bove Fifty thousand miles from home:
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
And he that had so little Shame

To

To vent such *Fopperies* abroad,
Deserv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd;
Which Monsieur *Bodin* hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,
That durst upon a *truth* give doom,
He knew less then the Pope of *Rome*.
Cardan believ'd, Great States depend
Upon the tip o' th' *Bears* Tails end;
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd mighty *Empires* up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true *Bears* have no Tails.
Some say, the *Zodiack-Constellations*
Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
Above a *Sign*; and prove the same,
In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*;
Affirm the *Trigon* chop'd and chang'd,
The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd;

Then

Then how can their *effects* ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old.
This, though the *Art* were true, would make
Our Modern *Soothſayers* miſtake;
And is one cauſe they tell more lies,
In *Figures* and *Nativities*,
Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand years;
Beſide their Nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of *Accidence* and *Latine*.
Like *Idus* and *Calendæ* Engliſht
The *Quarter-days*, by skilful Linguiſt,
And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*
Twill ſerve their turn to do the feat;
Make Fools believe in their fore-ſeeing
Of things before they are in Being;
Toſwallow *Gudgeons* ere th' are catch'd,
And count their *Chickens* ere th' are hatch'd,

Make

Make them the *Conſtellations* prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt:
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt price for't, or beſt believes.
Some *Towns* and *Cities*, ſome, for brevity,
Have caſt the Verſal World's *Nativity*;
And made the Infant-Stars confeſs,
Like Fools or Children, what they pleaſe:
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*,
Some *Running Nags*, and *Fighting-Cocks*;
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-Suits*, and the *Pox*;
Some take a meaſure of the lives
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives,
Make *Oppoſition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*;
Tell who is barren, and who fertile,
As if the *Planet*'s firſt aſpect
The tender Infant did infect

In

In *Soul* and *Body*, and inſtill
All future good, and future ill;
Which, in their dark fatalities lurking,
At deſtin'd Periods fall a working;
And break out like the hidden ſeeds
Of long diſeaſes into deeds,
In Friendſhips, Enmities and ſtrife,
And all th' emergences of Life:
No ſooner does he peep into,
The *World*, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all Diſeaſes took all *Phyſick*,
That cures, or kills a man that is ſick;
Marry'd his punctual doſe of Wives,
Is Cuckolded, and breaks or Thrives.
There's but twinckling of a *Star*
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,
A *Thief* and *Juſtice*, *Fool* and *Knave*;
A huffing *Officer* and a *Slave*;

A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
A great *Philoſopher* and a *Block-head*,
A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
A learn'd *Phyſitian* and *Man-ſlayer*.
As if Men from the Stars did ſuck
Old-Age, *Diſeaſes*, and *ill-luck*,
Wit, *Folly*, *Honor*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, and *Dice*;
And draw with the firſt Air they breath,
Battel, and *Murther*, *ſudden Death*,
Are not theſe fine Commodities,
To be imported ſtom the Skies?
And vended here among the Rable,
For ſtaple Goods, and warrantable?
Like Money by the *Druids* borrow'd,
I' th' other *World* to be reſtor'd.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know
You wrong the *Art* and *Artiſts* too:

Since

Since Arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our *Principles* oppoſe;
I will (although I've don't before)
Demonſtrate to your ſenſe once more,
And draw a *Figure* that ſhall tell you
What you perhaps forget, befel you;
By way of *Horary* inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt erection.
With that, He *Circles* draws, and *Squares*
With *Cyphers*, *Aſtral Characters*;
Then looks 'em o'er, to underſtand 'em,
Although ſet down *Hab-nab*, at random.
Quoth he, This *Scheme* o' th' Heavens ſet
Diſcovers how in fight you met
At *Kingſton* with a *Maypole Idol*,
And that y' were bang'd both back and ſide well:
And though you overcame the *Bear*,
The *Dogs* beat you at *Brentford* Fair;

Where

Where ſturdy *Butcher* broke your Noddle,
And handl'd you like a *Fop-doodle*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
You are no *Conj'rer*, b' your leave,
That *Paultry ſtory* is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch *Gulls* as you.
Not true? quoth he, How e'er you vapor,
I can, what I affirm, make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtifie 't to your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the *Saltinbanco's* part,
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art*,
He ſtole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,
Chews'd, and Caldes'd ye like a Block-head:
And what you loſt I can produce
If you deny it, here i' th' houſe.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe,
That Argument's *Demonſtrative*;

Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A *Conſtable* to ſeize the Wretches:
For though th' are both falſe *Knaves* and *Cheats*,
Impoſtors, *Juglers*, *Counterfets*,
I'll make them ſerve for perpendiculars,
As true, as e'er were us'd by *Brick-layers*;
They 're guilty by their own Confeſſions,
Of *Felony*; and at the *Seſſions*
Upon a Bench I will ſo handle 'em,
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*
Shall make all *Taylors* Yards, of one
Unanimous opinion:
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make out it by proof.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt,
To find friends, that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
And Neck, ſo long on the *States* part,

To be expos'd i' th' end to ſuffer,
By which a *Braghadocio* Huffer.
Huffer, quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*
Shall down thy falſe throat, Cram that word,
Ralpho, make haſte, and call an Officer,
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophiſter;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *Bay*,
Leſt he and *Whachum* run away.
But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aſpect*
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect,
A *Figure* worſe portending far,
Than that of moſt malignant Star:
Believ'd it now the fitteſt moment,
To ſhun the danger that might come on't,
While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and *Whachum*, two to one;
This being reſolv'd, He ſpy'd by chance,
Behind the Door, an Iron Lance,

That many a ſturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loyns, and Shoulders bord.
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a Paſs,
To make his way through *Hudibras*.
Whachum had a Fire-Fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work.
But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his Guard.
He put by *Sidrophello*'s thruſt,
And in, right manfully, he ruſht,
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his Seacole-Prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his back to fly.
But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
As quich as Lightning in the Breech.
Juſt in the place, where *Honor*'s lodg'd,
As wiſe *Philoſophers* have judg'd;

Becauſe

Becauſe a kick in that part more
Hurts *Honor*, than deep wounds before.
Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine,
You are my Priſoners, baſe Vermine,
Could they not tell you ſo, as well
As what I came to know, foretel?
By this, what Cheats you are, we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your Lives are now at my diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his Honor would defile,
To take, or fell two lives ſo vile;
I'll give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*,
The Conqu'ring Warrier's *Crop* and *Tillage*,
Which with his Sword he reaps, and plows;
That mine, the *Law of Arms* allows.
This ſaid, in haſte he fell
To romaging of *Sidrophel*.

First, He expounded both his Pockets,
And found a *Watch* with *Rings* and *Lockets*,
Which had been left with him, t' erect
A *Figure* for, and so detect.
A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
Of *Booker's*, *Lillie's*, *Sarah Jimmers*;
And *Blank-Schemes* to discover *Nummers*;
A *Moon-Dial*, with *Napier's* bones,
And several *Constellation*-stones,
Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,
That over *Mortals* had strange powers
To make 'em thrive in *Law*, or *Trade*;
And stab, or poyson, to evade;
In *Wit*, or *Wisdom* to improve,
And be victorious in *Love*.
Whachum had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,
His *Plunder* was not worth the while;

All

All which the *Conqu'ror* did discompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.
But *Sidrophel*, as fulls of tricks,
As *Rota-men* of *Politicks*,
Streight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary Conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad, (at least) to quit
His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,
Before the *Secular Prince* of *Darkness*
Arriv'd to seize upon his Carkass.
And, as a *Fox*, with hot pursuit,
Chac'd through a *Warren*, cast about
To save his credit, and among
Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung;
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting Death)
Not out of Cunning, but a *Train*
Of *Atoms* justling in his Brain,

As learn'd *Philoſophers* give out:
So *Sidrophello* caſt about,
And fell to's wonted *Trade* again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt ſlain,
Firſt ſtretch'd out one leg, then another,
And ſeeming in his Breaſt to ſmother,
A broken Sigh; Quoth he, Where am I,
Alive or Dead? Or which way came I
Through ſo immenſe a ſpace ſo ſoon?
But now, I thought my ſelf i' th' *Moon*;
And that a *Monſter* with huge *Wiskers*,
More formidable than a *Switzers*,
My body through and through had dril'd,
And *Whachum* by my ſide, had kill'd,
Had croſs-examin'd both our Hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe;
Look there he is, I ſee him now,
And feel the place I am run through

And there lies *Whachum* by my ſide,
Stone-dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh! Oh! with that he fetch'd a *Groan*,
And fell again into a ſwoun.
Shut both his Eies, and ſtopt his Breath,
And, to the *Life*, out acted-*Death*.
That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
He held it now no longer ſafe,
To tarry the return of *Ralph*;
But rather leave him in the *Larch*;
Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,
Refus'd to give himſelf one firk,
To carry on the *Publick work*.
Deſpis'd our *Synod-men* like Durt.
And made their Diſcipline his ſport;
Divulg'd the ſecrets of their *Claſſes*,
And their *Conventions* prov'd *High Places*;

Dif-

Disparag'd their *Tith-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,
And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon*;
Rail'd at their *Cenegant*, and jear'd
Their rev'rend Parsons to my *Beard*,
For all which *Scandals* to be quit,
At once, this *Juncture* falls out fit,
I'll make him henceforth, to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare;
He must (at least) hold up his hand,
By twelve *Free-holders* to be scan'd,
Who by their skill in *Palmistry*,
Will quickly read his *Destiny*;
And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,
Or take a turn for't at the *Session*:
Unless his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer,
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he scape with *Whipping* now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do,

And

And that will disingage my *Conscience*,
Of th' *Obligation*, in his own sense.
I'll make him now by force abide,
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *Honor* satisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.
This being resolv'd with equal speed,
And *Conduct*, he approach'd his *Steed*;
And with *Activity* unwont,
Essay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfrey*,
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free;
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind.

AN

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus——

WEll *Sidrophel*, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your Crazy Brain,
Without Trepanning of your Scull.
As often as the *Moon*'s at *Full*:
'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate Med'cine more:

For

For where your Case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is't possible, that you, whose Ears
Are of the Tribe of *Issachars*,
And might (with equal Reason) either
For Merit, or extent of Leather,
With *William Pryn*'s, before they were
Retrench'd, and Crucifi'd compare,
Should you be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the Publick Voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry croud.
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a Wheel-barrow or Turnip Cart, ——
Or your new Nicknam'd old Invention,
To cry Green Hastings with an Engine.
(As if the vehemence had stun'd,
And torn your Drum-heads with the sound)

And

And 'cause your Folly's now no news,
But over-grown and out of use.
Persuade your self there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature,
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears.
For who but you could be possest
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,
That neither all mens Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being Laugh'd and Pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a Morter,
Can teach you wholesome Sense, and Nurture?
But (like a Reprobate) what course
S' ever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no Transfusion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattle, do you good?
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurse,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,

Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make your ſelf a better Beaſt;
Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying ſound from rotten Eggs;
Your ſeveral New-found Remedies,
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees;
Your *Arts* of *Fluxing* them from *Claps*,
And Purging their infected *Saps*,
Recov'ring Shankers, Chryſtallines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rindes,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate,
But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Puniſhment——?
And like your whimſey'd Chariots draw
The Boys to courſe you without Law?
As if the Art you have ſo long
Profeſt, of making old *Dogs* young,

In you had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too:
Can you, that understand all Books
By judging only with your Looks,
Resolve all Problems with your Face,
As others do with *B's*, and *A's*,
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With solid bending of your Brows;
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With screwing of your Countenance,
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry,
Know more of any Trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't,
And yet have no Art true, or false
To help your own bad Naturals?
But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder.

For

For Fools are known by looking wiſe,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eies.
Hence 'tis, that 'cauſe y'have gai'nd o'th' *Colledge*,
A Quarter-ſhare (at moſt) of Knowledge;
And brought in none, but ſpent Repute;
Y'aſſume a Pow'r as abſolute
To Judge and Cenſure, and Controll,
As if you were the ſole Sir *Poll*
And ſaucily pretend to know
More then your Dividend comes to,
You'll find the thing will not be done,
With Ignorance, and Face alone:
No though y' have purchas'd to your Name,
In Hiſtory ſo great a Fame,
That now your Talent's ſo well known,
For having all belief outgrown;
That ev'ry ſtrange Prodigious Tale
Is measur'd by your *German* Scale,——

By which the *Virtuosi* try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Ly,
Cast up to what it does amount:
And place the big'st to your account.
That all those stories that are lay'd
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser Authors nam'd no more.
Alas that Faculty destroys
Those soonest, it designs to raise.
And all your vain Renown will spoil,
As Guns o're-charg'd the more recoyl.
Though he that has but Impudence
To all things has a fair Pretence
And put among his wants, but shame,
To all the World may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than Publique Scorn;

That

That all affronts do ſtill give Place
To your Impenetrable Face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit and Braſs
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;
For all Impoſtors, when they'r known,
Are paſt their Labor, and undone.
And all the beſt that can befall
An Artificial Natural,
Is that which Madmen find, as ſoon
As once th' are broke looſe from the Moon
And proof againſt her Influence,
Relapſe to e're ſo little Senſe
To turn ſtark Fools, and Subjects fit
For ſport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.

Annotations

TO THE

SECOND PART

But now t' obſerve, &c.

THe beginning of this Second Part may perhaps ſeem ſtrange and abrupt to thoſe who do not know, that it was written of purpoſe, in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IV Book of his *Æneids* in the very ſame manner, *At Regina gravi, &c.* And this is enough to ſatisfie the curioſity of thoſe who believe that Invention and Fancy ought to be meaſured (like Caſes in Law) by Precedents, or elſe they are in the power of the Critick.

A *Saxon* Duke did grow ſo fat.

This Hiſtory of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether ſo ſtrange as that of a Biſhop his Country-man, who was quite eaten up with Rats and Mice.

King

King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his Splenetick,
And testy Courtiers with a kick.

Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, who as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienosis medebatur.* L. 7. C. 11.

In close Catasta shut, &c.

Catasta is but a pair of Stocks in *English*, But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paultry signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import foraign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made *St. Francis* do, &c.

The Ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry, and as in the one, they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish way of describing them: So they have abus'd the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon *St. Francis.*

This made the beautious Queen of *Crete.*

The History of *Pasiphae* is common enough, only this may be observ'd, That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was fain to father it,

it, as appears by the Name, perhaps becauſe the Country being an Iſland, he was within the four Seas, when the Infant was begotten.

As your own Secretary *Albertus*.

Albertus Magnus was a Sweediſh Biſhop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

Unleſs it be to ſquint and laugh.

Pliny in his *Natural Hiſtory* affirms, That *Uni animaliqui homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Paterorum.* Lib. 2.

As Fryar *Bacon*'s Noddle was.

The Tradition of Fryar *Bacon* and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly known, and conſidering the times he liv'd in, is not much more ſtrange then what another great Philoſopher of his Name, has ſince deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a ſtring, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it ſelf, and tell exactly againſt the ſides of the Divining Cup, the ſame thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

Or like ſome *Indians* Sculls ſo tough,
That Authors ſay th'are Musket proof.

American Indians, among whom (the ſame Authors affirm) that there are others, whoſe Sculls are ſo ſoft, to uſe their own words, *Ut Digito perforari poſſunt.*

Or

Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Jupiters Oracle in *Epirus*, near the City of *Dodona*. *Ubi Nemus erat Jovi sacrum, Quercneum totum in quo Jovis Dodonæi Templum fuisse narratur.*

Semiramis of *Babylon.*

Semiramis, Queen of *Assyria*, is said to be the first that invented *Eunuchs*. *Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium Prima.* Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horses into her embraces (as another Queen did a Bull) But that perhaps may be the reason, why she after thought Men not worth the while.

For some Philosophers of late here.

S. *K. D.* in his Book of *Bodies*; who has this story of the *German-Boy*, which he endeavors to make good by several Natural reasons; By which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

A *Persian* Emp'ror whip'd his Granum.

Xerxes who us'd to whip the Seas and Winds. *In Coxum, atque Eurum solitus sevire flagellis*, Juven. Sat. 10.

So the ancient Stoicks in their Porch.

In Porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti sunt

Diog. Laert. *in vita Zenonis* p. 383. Those old *Virtuo-so*'s were better Proficients in those Exercises, than the Modern, who seldom improve higher than Cuffing, and Kicking.

That *Bonum* is an Animal.

Bonum is such a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuoso*, from Don *Quixot*, will have Windmils under sail to be. The same Authors are of opinion, That all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

-----In a Town
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

This History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale.

The Knight was kept Prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at last releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd, upon all occasions, to declare.

Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.

——*Et sibi Consul.*
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem Juven. Sat 10.

Hung out their Mantles *Della Guer.*

Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra

Pre-

Prætorium poni quasi admonitio & indicium futuræ Pugnæ Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

Next Links and Torches, &c.

That the *Roman* Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian* in *Portinace.* Lip. in *Tacit.* p. 16.

Vespatian being daub'd with Dirt.

C. Cæsar *succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto jussit oppleri, congesto per milites in prætexta sinum.* Sueton in Vespas. Ca. 5.

Has not this present Parliament, A *Ledger* to the Devil sent?

The Witchfinder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian times had a Commission to discover Witches, (of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compass of one year, and among the rest an old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many years.

Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge. At *Antwerp* their Cathedral Church?

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common people of *Antwerp*, in a tumult, broke open the Cathedral Church; to demolish Images and Shrines: and did so much mischief in a small time, that *Strada* writes, There were several Devils seen very busie among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

Sing

Sing Catches to the Saints at *Maſcon.*

This Devil of *Maſcon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verſe, which he ſung to Tunes: He made ſeveral Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things, which afterwards came to paſs; as may be ſeen in his *Memoires*, written in *French.*

Appear in divers ſhapes to *Kelly*,
And ſpeak i'th' Nun at *Loudon*'s Belly.

The Hiſtory of Dr. *Dee* and the Devil, publiſhed by *Mr. Caſaubon*, *Iſac. Fil.* Prebend of *Canterbury*, has a large accompt of all thoſe Paſſages; in which the ſtile of the true and falſe Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the ſame perſon. The Nun of *London* in *France*, and all her tricks have been ſeen by many Perſons of Quality of this Nation, yet living, who have made very good obſervations upon the French Book written upon that occaſion.

Meet with the Parliaments Committee
At *Woodſtock* on a Pers'nal Treaty.

A Committee of the long Parliament ſitting in the Kings Houſe in *Woodſtock-Park*, were terrify'd with ſeveral Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At *Sarum* took a Cavalier.

Withers has a long ſtory in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the Kings Army, who being a Priſoner at *Salisbury*, and drink-

drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a ſingle pane of Glaſs.

Since old *Hodg-Bacon*.

Roger Bacon, commonly called *Fryar Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward* the I. and for ſome little skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was, by the Rabble, accounted a Conjurer, and had the ſottiſh ſtory of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the ignorant Monks of thoſe days. *Robert Groſthead* was Biſhop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen.* III. He was a Learned Man for thoſe times, and for that reaſon ſuſpected by the Clergy to be a Conjurer, for which crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent* the IV. and Summon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Chriſt; which our Lawyers ſay is illegal, if not a *Præmunire*, for offering to ſue in a Foreign Court.

Which *Socrates* and *Chærephon*
In vain aſſay'd ſo long agone.

Ariſtophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, meaſuring the Leap of a Flea, from the ones Beard to the others.

Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fiſk*.

This *Fiſk* was a late famous Aſtrologer, who flouriſh'd about the time of *Subtle* and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnſon*.

Unleſs it be that Cannon-ball.

This experiment was try'd by ſome Foreign *Virtuoſo*'s who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blanc againſt the

the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again, which made them all conclude that it ſticks in the mark; but *Des Cartes* was of opinion, That it does but hang in the Air.

As lately was reveal'd to *Sedgwyck*.

This *Sedgwyck* had many Perſons (and ſome of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of Judgment with him, but were diſappointed; for which the falſe Prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of *Doomeſday Sedgwyck*.

Your Modern *Indian* Magician, Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piſs in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by Monſieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Bumbaſtus kept a Devils Bird, &c.

Paracelſus is ſaid to have kept a ſmall Devil pris'ner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the reaſon, perhaps, why he was ſo valiant in his Drink; Howſoever it was to better purpoſe than *Annibal* carry'd poyſon in his, to diſpatch himſelf, if he ſhould happen to be ſurpriz'd in any great extremity, for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honor of ſo great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Agrippa kept a *Stygian* Pug.

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog, that was ſuſpected to be a Spirit

Spirit, for ſome tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog, from that aſperſion, in which he has ſhown a very great reſpect and kindneſs for them both.

As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick.

Averrhois *Aſtronomiam propter Excentricos contempſit.* Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phyſ. p. 781.

The *Median* Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter.

Aſtyages King of *Media* had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*, wherefore he married her to a *Perſian* of mean quality, by whom ſhe had *Cyrus*, who conquer'd all *Aſia*, and tranſlated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Perſians*. Herodot. L. 2.

When *Cæſar* in the Senate fell.

Fiunt aliquando Prodigioſi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiſo Cæſare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo, Plin.

Auguſtus having b' overſight, &c.

Divus Auguſtus Lævum ſibi prodidit calceum præpoſtere indutum, quo die ſeditione Militum prope afflictus eſt.

Idem. Lib. 2.

The Roman Senate when within,
The City Walls an Owl was ſeen.

Romani L. Craſſo & C. Maria Coſſ. Bubone viſo orbem luſtrabant.

For

For *Anaxagoras* long agone,
Saw Hills, as well as you, i'th' Moon.

Anaxagoras *affirmabat Solem Candens Ferrum esse, & P*
leponesso majorem: Lunam habitacula in se habere, C
Colles, & Valles. Fertur dixisse Celum omne ex Lapi
bus esse Compositum; Damnatus & in exilium pulsus a
quod impie, Solem Candentem laminam esse dixis
Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.

The *Ægyptians* say, the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting and his Rise.

Ægyptii Decem millia Annorum, & amplius, recensu
& observatum est in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata esse L
ca Ortuum & Occasuum solis; ita ut Sol bis ortus sit u
nunc occidit, & bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil.
Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60.

Some hold the Heavens like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up.

Causa quare Celum non cadit, (secundum Empedoclem) e
velocitas sui motus, Comment. in L. 2. Aristot. de C
lo.

Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.

Plato Solem & Lunam ceteris Planetis inferiores esse puta
vit. G. Gunning. *in* Cosmogr. L. 1. p. 11.

The

The Learned *Scaliger* complain'd.

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, postiam Stadius, Mathematici nobilis perſpicuis Demonſtrationibus docuerunt, ſolis Apſida Terris eſſe propriorem, quam Ptolomæi ætate duodecim partibus, i. e. *uno & triginta terræ ſemidiametris*. Jo. Bod. Met. Hiſt. p. 455.

Cardan believ'd great States depend, &c.

Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda Helices ſeu Majoris urſæ omne magnum Imperium pendere. Id. p. 325.

Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers
In ſo many hundred thouſand years.

Chaldæi jactant ſe quadringinta ſeptuaginta Annorum millia in perielitandis, experiundiſque Puerorum Animis poſuiſſe. Cicero.

Like Money by the *Druids* borrow'd, &c.

Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in Poſteriore vita redituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 97.

That paultry ſtory is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch Gulls as you.

There was a notorious Idiot (that is here deſcrib'd by the Name and Character of *Whacum*) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himſelf, and yet made a ſhift to ſtand on the Pillory, for Forging other

other Mens Hands, as his Fellow *Whachum*, no doubt deserv'd; in whose abominable Doggerel This story of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at *Brentford* Fair is as properly describ'd.

That the vibration of this Pendulum, Shall make all Taylors Yards, of one Unanimous opinion.

The device of the Vibration of a Pendulum, was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, *&c.* (that should have its foundation in Nature) all the World over; For by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the String, and weight of the Pendulum; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time, compute the exact length of any string, that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time: So that if a man should ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of Satin or Taffeta, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

Before the Secular Prince of Darkness.

As the Devil is the spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the night with as great Authority as his Colleague, but far more imperiously.

FINIS.

HUDIBRAS.

THE

Third and Last

PART.

Written by the AUTHOUR

OF THE

FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

LONDON,

Printed for *Robert Horne*, and are to be sold by *Tho. Basset* at the *George* in *Fleet-street*. 1684.

Licensed and Enter'd according to the Act of Parliament for Printing.

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Laſt Part.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST CANTO of the Third Part.

The Knight and Squire reſolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Ladie's Bower,
The Squire t'inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a Maſquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And ſteals him, from himſelf, by Night.

CANTO I.

'TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T'enforce a deſperate Amour,
As he that has two *Strings* to's *Bow*,
And burns for *Love* and *Money* too:
For then he's brave and Reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his Suit,

Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures double*,
And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble.
While thoſe who ſillily purſue
The ſimple downright way, and true,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And ſteer againſt the Stream their Paſſions.
Some forge their *Miſtreſſes* of *Stars*,
And when the Ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by *Caligula* the *Moon*,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices to croſs their *wooing*;
When onely by themſelves they'r hindred,
For truſting *thoſe they made her Kindred*:
And ſtill the harſher and hide-bounder
The Damſels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a ſoft and gentle *Bride*?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *purling* Streams or *Hemp* departed?

Leap'd

Leap'd headlong int' *Elizium*,
Through th'Windows of a *dazling Room*?
But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd Dame,
The amo'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
With all Mankind ſo much in uſe;
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his *Amours*,
Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No ſooner was the bloody Fight
Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*
With all th' Appurtenances over,
But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*:
As he was always wont to doe
When h' had diſcomfited a Foe,
And us'd the only *Antick Philters*
Deriv'd from old *Herdick Tilters*.

But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Achievement was too glorious
For such a Conquerour, to meddle
With *Pettey Constable*, or *Beadle*;
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hostess*
Of th' Inns of Court and Chancry, *Justice*:
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot Irons have past *Bare-handed*;
And if they cannot read one *Verse*
Ith' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He therefore, judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the *Devil might owe him*,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
To answer, with his Vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
He thought it now the fittest juncture,
To give the Lady a Rencounter;

T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conqueſt o're the *fierce Magician*;
Deſcribe the manner of the Fray,
And ſhew the ſpoils he brought away;
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
The Number of the Blows and Weight:
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed.
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his Soul, to ſwear;
But, rather than produce his Back:
To ſet his Conſcience on the Rack:
And, in purſuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and ſcourging,
And all things elſe upon his part,
Demand deliv'ry of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Perſon, up to his embraces.

Thought he the ancient *Errant Knights*
Won all their Ladies Hearts in *Fights*,
And cut whole Giants into Fitters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whose ſtubborn Bowels ſcorn'd to yield
Until their Gallants were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drubb'd ſo ſore
They durſt not *woge one Combat* more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt;
So *Spaniſh Heroes* with their Lances
At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies ſancies*:
And he acquires the nobleſt Spouſe
That Widows greateſt Herds of Cows.
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quell'd ſo vaſt a *Buffalo*?
Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's *late Orders* to obey;

Who sent him for a *strong Detachment*
Of *Beadles*, *Constables*, and *Watchmen*,
T'attack the *Cunning-man* for Plunder
Committed falsely on his Lumber,
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of *Gimcracks*, *Whims* and *Jiggumbobs*,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions father'd:
And when they should, at *Gaol-delivery*,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be *Accessary*;
But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
And leave them for the *Knight* his *Betters*,
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,

To

To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beaſt ever did beſide,
Without all poſſible evaſion,
But of the *Riding Diſpenſation.*
And therefore much about the hour,
The Knight (for reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave him to the Fury
Of *Juſtice* and an *unpack'd Jury*,
The *Squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame Trim;
T' acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What *Project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out;
His firm and ſtedfaſt Reſolution,
To ſwear her to an *Execution*;
To pawn his inward Ears, to marry her.
And Bribe the Devil himſelf to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party Saints* to repreſent,

Who

Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any Proſperous *Arms-Bearing*,
To lay themſelves out, to ſupplant
Each other *Coſin-German Saint*.
But e'r the *Knight* could do his Part,
The *Squire* had got ſo much the Start,
H'had to the *Lady* done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his Report,
The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beaſt t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to ſtale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The Sprucer to accoſt and board her;
And now began t' approach the Door:
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of ſight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*,
With whom encountring *after Longees*
Of *humble* and *ſubmiſſive Congees*,

And

And all *due Ceremonies* paid,
He ſtroak'd his Beard, and thus he ſaid:
Madam, *I do, as it my Duty,*
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Preſent you'l be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo. The thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance of your gentle Hand;
And that you'ld pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine to my ſmart.
With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.
But ſhe, who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Myſtery of what he mean'd:
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions leſs profound.

Madam,

Madam, quoth he, [illegible]
How much I've su[illegible]
Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin:
And, for those meritorious Lashes,
To claim your favour and good Graces,
Quoth she, *I do remember once*
I freed you from th' inchanted Sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour;
And for my Sake and Service vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear't a scruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make love.
Which, whether you have done or not
Concerns your self, not me, to know;
But if you have, I shall Confess,
T' are honester than I could guess.
Quoth he, *If you suspect my troth,*
I cannot prove it but by Oath;

And, if you make a queſtion on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't.
And he that makes his Soul *his Surety,*
I think, does give the beſt ſecurity.
Quoth ſhe, *Some ſay, the* Soul's *ſecure*
Againſt Diſtreſs and Forfaiture;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other World, is illegal here:
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what incumbrances they run't.
For moſt men carry things ſo even
Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,
Without the leaſt offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This World for both, or both for it.
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
They are but Priſ'ners on Parols.

For

For that, quoth he, *'tis rational,*
They may be accomptable in all.
For when there is that intercourſe
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience every where;
When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed;
It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt
As Souls in Pawn and Mortgage paſt.
For Oaths are th' only Teſts and Scales
Of right *and* wrong, *and* true *and* falſe;
And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law and Juſtice by.
Quoth ſhe, *What is it you would ſwear?*
There's no believing till I hear:
For till th' are underſtood, all Tales
(Like Nonſenſe) are not True, nor Falſe.
Quoth he, *When I reſolv'd t' obey*
What you commanded th' other day,

And

And to perform my Exercise,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair eyes;
T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
I went to do't upon the Place.
But as the Castle is inchanted
By Sidrophel *the Witch, and haunted*
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and dis-array,
I heard a Formidable Noise,
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That Roar'd far off, Dispatch and Strip,
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That shall devest thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy lingring Sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,
Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake:

Which

Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance, and Revenge to Flay,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte.
Time is, Time was; and there it ceas'd,
With which though ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' Horrour of the thing was leſs
Than th' other Diſmal apprehenſion
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore ſnatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load;
Reſolv'd to ſpare no Fleſh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd
In Raptures of Platonick Laſhing,
And chaſt Contemplative Bardaſhing.
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my Guard and Scout,

I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch, his Caliban,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave their Hellish Rage a stop;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel:
Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiously prest on,
My Weapon down his Throat to run,
Laid hold on him: but he brok loose,
And turn'd himself into a Goose,
Div'd under Water, in a Pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him, but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer t' engage.

But bravely Scorning to defile
My Sword with feeble blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick;
With which I furiously laid on;
Till in a harsh and dolefull tone
I roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir,
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, by a Witch,
But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich:
Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houses in the Night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve
Designs of Thievery or Love;
With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
All Feats of Witches counterfeit;
Kill Pigs and Geese with poudred Glass,
And make it for Inchantments pass,
With Cow-itch muzzle like a Leper,
And choak with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper;

Make Lechers and their Punks with Dewtry
Commit phantaſtical Adowtry;
Bewitch Hermetick men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with Manicon;
Believe Mechanick Virtuoſi
Can raiſe 'em Mountains in Potoſi;
And ſillier than the Antick Fools,
Take Treaſure for a Heap of Coals:
Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
To Quack of Univerſal Cures;
With Figures ground on panes of Glaſs,
Make People on their Heads to paſs;
And mighty heaps of Coyn increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece:
To draw in Fools, whoſe Nat'ral Itches
Incline perpetually to Witches;
And keep me in continual Fears,
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When leſs Delinquent have been ſcourg'd,
And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,

Which others for Cravats have worn
About their Necks, and took a Turn.
I pity'd the ſad Puniſhment
The *wretched Caitiff* underwent,
And held my Drubbing of his Bones
Too great an Honour for *Pultrones*;
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they ſlaſh and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilleſt Addreſſes;
Their Horſes never give a Blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his Fleſh, and preſt him
About the Witch, with many a Queſtion.
Quoth he, *For many Years he drove*
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Truſt
Of feeble Speculative Luſt;
Procurer to th' Extravagancy.
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy.

By those the Devil had forsook,
As things below to him, to provoke.
But b'ing a Vertuoso, able
To Smatter, Quack, and Cant, and Dabble,
He held his Talent most Adroit
For any Mystical Exploit;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.
For one Predicting Pimp has th' Odds
Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds.
But as an Elf (the Devil's Valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his business best,
In Hell are rais'd the ruggedest;
Before so meriting a Person
Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,
He serv'd two Prentiships and longer
I'th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.
For (as some write) A Witch's Ghost,
As soon as from the Body lost'd,

Becomes

Becomes a Painy-Imp it self,
And is another Witche's Elf.
He after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after Hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has plaid a thousand Feats,
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or Pharaoh's *Wizards could their Switches;*
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as Monstrous Figures too.
Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this Beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
He crams in nasty Crevises,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me relish for Dessert,

And one by one with Shame and Fear
Lick up the candid Provender.
Beſide----But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady ſtopt his full Career,
And told him, now 'twas time to hear:
If half theſe things (ſaid ſhe) *be true,*
(*Th' are all* (quoth he) *I ſwear by you:*)
Why then (ſaid ſhe) *that* Sidrophel
Has damn'd himſelf to th' Pit of Hell,
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
And Hackney of a Lapland Hag,
In Queſt of you came hither Poſt,
Within an Hour (*I'm ſure*) *at moſt;*
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd, that you came to him to know
If you ſhould carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and his Imps,
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,

T' in-

T' ingage the Devil on your Side,
And steal (like Proserpine*) your Bride.*
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a Design, and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him, like a Ruffin;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard;
And left him dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruise, and desperate wound:
Swore you had broke and rob'd his House,
And stole his Talismanique Louse,
And all his New-found Old Inventions,
With flat Felonious Intentions;
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought 'em for and paid;
His Flea, his Morpion, and Punese,
H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th' ablest Artists of the Trade;

Which

Which (he could prove it) since he left,
He has been eaten up almost;
And all together might amount
To many hundreds on account:
For which h' had got sufficient warrant
To seize the Malefactors Errant,
Without capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail;
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To serve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which modern Virtuoso's say,
Incline to Hanging every way.
Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That ev'e he went in Quest of you,
He set a Figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Your selves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.

He

He vow'd h' had had Intelligence
Of all that past before and since;
And found, that ere you came to him,
T' had been ingaging Life and Limb
About a case of tender Conscience,
Where both abounded in your own Sence;
Till Ralpho, *by his Light and Grace,*
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case;
And prov'd that you might swear, and down
Whatever's by the Wicked done.
For which, most basely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You strove t' oblige him by main force,
To Scourge his Ribs instead of yours,
But that he stood upon his Guard,
And all your vapouring out-dar'd.
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd the outside of his eyes to white,

(As Men of Inward Light are wont
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:
Held up his *Affidavit hand*,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Cast tow'rds the Door a ghastly Look,
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.
Madam, if but one Word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one single Circumstance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down
This Vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the Heavens fall, and crush
These Reliques of your constant Lover.
You have provided well, quoth she,
(I thank you) for your self and me;
And shewn your Presbyterian *Wits*
Jump punctual with the Jesuits.

A most

A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your selves and Those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then (quoth he) *may Hell surprize.*
That trick (said she) *will not pass twice:*
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better way of Clearing
What you would prove, than downright Swearing;
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are visible as yet
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the Action.
And if you can produce those Knobs,
Although th' are but the Witche's Drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had done't,
Provided that they pass th' Opinion
Of able Juries of old Women.

Who

Who, us'd to judge all matter of Fuss
For Bellies, may do so for Backs.

Madam, (quoth he) *your Love's a Million,*
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my pow'r,
T' obey what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds in those that are all Heart
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (quoth he) *my Goods and Chattels*
Are like to prove but mere drawn Battels;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?

Your

Your plighted Faith (quoth he) *and Word*
You past in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly inroll'd.
And if 'tis counted Treason, here
To race Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth she, *There are no Bargains driv'n*
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven,
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease.
Their bus'ness there is onely Love,
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous, t' abide
To be against its Nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
And, like the Soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the Air,

Disdains

Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the Matrimonial tye,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail;
Like Roman *Gaolers, when they slept,*
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
Of which the True and Faithfull'st Lover
Gives best security to suffer.

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A Bargain at a venture made
Between two Part'ners in a Trade,
(For what's infer'd by T' have and t' hold,
But something past away, and sold?)

That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low:
And at the best is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the Marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid.
And all the rest of Bett'r or worse
Both are but losers out of Purse.
For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th'intail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e're was driven,
Or Wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their Children's Tenants e're th' are born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e're they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' Implicit Generation,
And General Club of all the Nation:

For which she's fortify'd no less
Then all the Island, with four Seas
Exacts the Tribute of her Pow'r
In ready Insolence and Pow'r;
And makes him pass away, to Have
And Hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched then an Ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to justifie,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hidedus Sots were those obedient
Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent;
To give the Cheats the Eldest hand
In Foul Play, by the Laws o' th' Land;
For which so many a legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts, and truckled.

A Law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles *to* Joans of Nokes;
Without distinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;
Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
Nor valuable Consideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
Of Judgement past For better or worse;
Will not allow the Privileges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when th' are griev'd, can make dead Horses
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;
While nothing else but Rem in Re,
Can set the proudest wretches free:
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him, of himself t' apply;
So men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the freedom they injoy'd,

And run their Necks into a Nooze,
They'ld break 'em after, to break loose.
As ſome, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themſelves by Art.
Like Indian-*Widows, gone to bed*
In flaming Curtains to the Dead:
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.

Nor do the Ladies want excuſe
For all the Stratagems they uſe,
To gain th' advantage of the Set,
And lurch the Amorous Rook and Cheat.
For, as a Pythagorean *Soul*
Runs through all Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
And has a ſmack of ev'ry one;
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne're ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the Vagabond.

'Tis but an Ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the Patient firſt,
That after burns with cold as much
As Ir'n in Greenland *does the touch;*
Melts in the Furnace of deſire,
Like Glaſs, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd and Cock'd by Miſs, or Madam,
The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Th' are in the very Act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſep'rate maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Truſt none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geeſe they carry:

And e're they venture o're a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence witty'st Ladies aways choose
To undertake the heaviest Goose.
For now the World is grown so wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick t' Amours,
The Cross and Pile for Bett'r or Worse;
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as French *and fashionable.*
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite;
Still Amorous, and Fond, and Billing,
Like Philip *and* Mary *on a Shilling.*
Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagancies,
Then Poets make 'em in Romances.

Though

Though, when the Heroes 'spouse the Dames,
We here no more of Charms and Flames:
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as Prick'd Wine;
And all their Catterwaulling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous Piques:
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,
By th' yellow Manto's of the Bride.
For Jealousie is but a kind
Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
The natural effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove:
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses *go to Bed,*
And lye in in their Ladies stead,
And for the paine they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more:
Our Green-men *do it worse, when th' hap*
To fall in labour of a Clap;

Both lay the Child to one another:
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,
Or who imported the French *Goods.*
But Health and Sickness being all one,
Which both ingag'd before to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worship onely when th' are sound;
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false Wares:
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At Women by Appearances,
That Paint and Patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Complexions,
And daub their Tempers o're with Waſhes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants:

Until

Until th' are hamper'd in the Nooze,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe:
When all the Flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-cloaths undreſſes
Her Complaiſance and Gentileſſes;
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government from th' eaſie owner,
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
Finds all his Having, and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noiſe and Scolding,
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volly of one Tongue
For all their Leathern Shields too ſtrong,
When onely arm'd with Noiſe and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
Transform'd 'em into Rams *and* Goats,
Like Sirens *with their charming Notes,*

Sweet

Sweet as a Screech-Owl's *Serenade,*
Or those inchanting murmurs made
By th' Husband Mandrake *and the Wife,*
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, *these Reasons are but strains*
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think,
Man was not Man in Paradise,
Untill he was Created twice,
And had his better half, His Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his side,
T' amend his Natural defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex,
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The Pains and Labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd up Paps appears.

His

His Body, that ſtupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact
In Shape and Symmetry exact,
Of which the Left and Female ſide
Is to the Manly Right a Bride,
Both joyn'd together with ſuch Art,
That nothing elſe but Death can part.
Thoſe Heav'nly attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World ſurprize,
That dazle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other Ladies Tawny;
Thoſe raviſhing and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two Half Faces,
That in a Mathematick Line,
Like thoſe in other Heavens, join.
Of which if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:
And ſo would that ſweet Bud, your Lip,
Without the other's fellowſhip.

Our

Our Nobleſt Senſes all by Pairs,
Two Eyes to ſee, to hear two Ears;
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul deſign'd.
But thoſe that ſerve the Body alone,
Are ſingle and confin'd to one.
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And cloſe at th' Æquinoctial, ſit;
And ſo are all the Works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her ſignature on Matter;
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or ſmalleſt Blade of Graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How intirely Marriage is her care,
The onely method that ſhe uſes,
In all the wonders ſhe produces.
And thoſe that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what ſecures the Civil Life
But pawns of Children and a Wife;

That

That lie, like Hoſtages, at ſtake,
To pay for all Men undertake?
To whom it is as Neceſſary,
As to be born and breath, to marry;
So Univerſal, all Mankind
In nothing elſe is of one mind.
For in what ſtupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Faſhion?
Unleſs among the Amazons,
Or Veſtal Friars, *and Cloiſter'd* Nuns,
Or Stoicks, *who to bar the Freaks*
And looſe Exceſſes of the Sex,
Prepoſterouſly would have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Though Men would find ſuch mortal Fewds
In ſharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Than th' are ſupply'd with now by Wives;
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beaſts do, of their Native Growths:

For

For ſimple wearing of their Horns,
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents ſettlements.
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Eſtates of Peers
Could be preſerv'd but by their Heirs?
And what ſecurity maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?
What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greateſt Monarchs did not marry,
And with their Conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt Intereſt of State?
For all th' Amours of Princes are
But Guarranties of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to diſarm,

Make

Make Blood and Desolation cease,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce contests for Forrage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage?
Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Less for the Interests of the Bride;
Who else had not the least Pretence
To as much as Due Benevolence;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme-Coverts to all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The vertuous Matron, and the Miss;
The Nymphs of chast Diana's *Train,*
The same with those in Lewkner's-lane;
But for the difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
Besides, the joys of Place and Birth,
The Sexes Paradise on Earth;

A pri-

A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater freedom to the Spouse;
The reason is, because the Wife
Runs greater hazards of her Life;
Is trusted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of:
Who therefore, in a streight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it save her, the same way,
It seldom misses to betray.
Unless both Parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the Best,

That

That is no more than every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer,
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (sometime) serves t' improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
It but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post;
Yet when th' are at their race's ends,
Th' are still as kind and constant friends,
And to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease:
So all those false Alarms of strife
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of Love.
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either Tire, or Cloy.
Nor are their loudest Clamours more,
Than as th' are reliſh'd, Sweet or Sour:

Like Muſick, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all Amours a Lover hurns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns
And Hearts have been as oft with ſullen,
As charming looks, ſurpriz'd and ſtollen.
Then why ſhould more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Diſcords make the ſweeteſt Airs,
And Curſes are a kind of Prayers,
Too ſlight Alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing elſe has pow'r to ſettle
Th' intereſts of Love perpetual.
An Act and Deed that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And paſſes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inroll'd and Regiſtred above,
To ſeal the ſlippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing elſe but Death can looſe.

And

And what Security's too strong
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to pass
It self away, and all it has;
And, like an Anchorite, gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover?

I grant (quoth she) *there are some few*
Who take that course, and find it true:
But Millions, whom the same does sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than Gamesters, when they play a Set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight-unseen.

For what doe Lovers, when th' are fast
In one another's Arms imbrac't,
But ſtrive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a Prize, away?
To change the property of ſelves,
As ſucking Children are by Elves?
And if they uſe their Perſons ſo,
What will they to their Fortunes doe?
Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their Ecſtaſies and Flames.
For when the Money's on the Book,
And All my Worldly Goods——but ſpoke;
(The Formal Livery and Seiſin
That puts a Lover in poſſeſſion)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's ſuperſeded.
To that their Faith is ſtill made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd,
For when we once reſign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours.

Our Money's now became the Miſs,
Of all your Lives and Services;
And we forſaken, and Poſt-pon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd.
Which as it made y' at firſt Gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
(As we had been) for new Amours.
For what did ever Heireſs yet
By being born to Lordſhips get?
When the more Ladie ſh' is of Manners,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
Pays for their Projects and Deſigns,
And for her own deſtruction Fines,
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To uſe her as the Dev'l does Witches;
Who takes it for a ſpecial Grace,
To be their Cully for a ſpace,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vaſſals.

So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self, and all she inherits
Is bought and sold, like stollen Goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.
These are the everlasting Fruits
Of all your passionate Love-suits,
Th' effects of all your amorous Fancies
To Portions and Inheritances,
Your Love-sick Raptures for Fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
To which you make Address and Courtship,
And with your Bodies serve to Worship,
That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
Of Love too for the Mother's sake.
For these, you play at Purposes,
And love your Loves with A's and B's:
For these, at Beast and L'hombre mooe,
And play for Love and Money too;

Strive who shall be the ableſt Man
At right Gallanting of a Fan,
And who the moſt Gentilely bred
At ſucking of a Vizard Bead,
How beſt t' accoſt us in all Quarters
T' our queſtion-and-command New-Garters,
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of Dreſſes Pro *and* Con.
For there's no Myſtery nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.
And when you have more Debts to pay
Than Michaelmas *and* Lady-day,
And no way poſſible to do't,
But Love and Oaths and reſtleſs Suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd paſt Amours;
All o're your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which others influences long ſince
Have charm'd your Noſes with, and Shins;

For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an Amorous thing is Want!
How Debts and Mortgages inchant!
What Graces must that Lady have,
That can from Executions save!
What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent!
What Magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from Scire facias;
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
And from Contempts of Courts inlarge!
These are the highest Excellencies
Of all our true or false Pretences,
And you would damn your selves, and swear
As much t' an Hostess Dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;

Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in haste with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder.
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick fright,
To be the Wisard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For Men will tremble, and turn palen,
With too much, or too little Valour.

A

His

His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage through his ſide,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But ſhe, who ſaw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious Quaking,
Undaunted, cry'd, *Courage, Sir Knight,*
Know I'm reſolv'd to break no Rite
Of Hoſpitality t' a Stranger,
But to ſecure you out of danger,
Will here my ſelf ſtand Sentinel,
To guard this Paſs 'gainſt Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail
To make the ſtouteſt Men turn tail;
And bravely ſcorn to turn their Backs,
Upon the deſperat'ſt Attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute
As *Iron-side* or *Hardy-knute*;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.
But she besought him to convey
His Courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
Or fortifi'd behind a Door,
That if the Enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady, for a fresh Reserve.

His

His Duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſh' had order'd execute:
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t' obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away;
And all h' encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Paſs,
To ſtand upon his Guard, and face;
This he courageouſly invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd*;
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable
As could be underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect the arrival of his Foes.
Few minutes had he lain perdue,
To guard his deſp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the Rout;

With

With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fanſi'd th' Enemy had ſtorm'd,
And after entring *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore ſent out all his Senſes,
To bring him in Intelligences,
Which Vulgars, out of ignorance,
Miſtake for falling in a Trance:
But thoſe that trade in *Geomancy*,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of Fancy:
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
And ſtorm'd the Out-works of his Fortreſs.
And as another of the ſame
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the ſame Cauſe had ingag'd,
And War with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring onely but to thruſt
His Head a Span beyond his Poſt,

B' a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*
Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears:
So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorn'd to trade and barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:
They stoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came in t' his aid.
For when a *Man is past his Sense*,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twindging him by th' *Ears* or *Nose*,
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*,
And if that will not doe the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.

No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his Neck a sturdy Elf

Clapp'd

Clapp'd in a trice his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof.
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
By our Friend, thy evil Genius,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and tarning Lyes,
The Brethrens Privilege (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent
For just Revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free Confession.
For if we catch thee failing once,
Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones,
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Ladie's Heart away?
To Spirit her to Matrimony----?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' inchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your Croney Witches:

That

That in return would pay th' expence,
The Wear and rent of Conscience;
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didst thou not love her then? speak true.
No more (quoth he,) than I love you.
How wouldst th' have us'd her, and her Money?
First, turn'd her up to Alimony;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put, of purpose, in the Deed;
And bar her Widow's-making over
T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.
What made thee pick and chuse her out,
T' imploy their Sorceries about?
That which makes Gamesters play with those
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thy self to us?

I

I see you take me for an Asi :
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would pass
Upon a Woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by Proof ;
Whose Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they doe
That stand for Candidates, and woee.
Why didst thou forge those shameful Lies,
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise?
That is no more than Authours give
The Rabble credit to Believe ;
A Trick of Following their Leaders;
To entertain their Gentle Readers.
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we doe or say :
Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of Sense.

Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed Sin,
Hypocriſie, to ſet up for?
Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt calling,
The onely Saints-Bell that rings all in,
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd.
For no degrees, unleſs th' imploy't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't.
A Gift that is not onely able
To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Law's impower'd to rout
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out.
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near.
For no Sin elſe among the Saints
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
What made thee break thy Plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a Houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being poor.

Quoth

Quoth he, *I see you have more Tricks*
Than all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation:
That we must come to School to you,
To learn your more refin'd, and New.
Quoth he, *If you will give me leave*
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'ld find your self an arrant Chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-House.
Tis true, Quoth he, *we ne'r come there,*
Because w' have let them out by th' year.
Truely, quoth he, *you can't imagine*
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell;
So you are like to be again
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.
Quoth he, *I am resolv'd to be*
Thy Scholar in this Mystery;

And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? ——A Livelihood.
What renders Beating out of Brains
And Murther Godliness? —Great Gains.
What's tender Conscience? ——'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch,
But breaking out, dispatches more
Then th' Epidemical'st Plague-sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? ——To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true Believing
Against a Conscience? —A good Living.
What makes Rebelling against Kings
A Good Old Cause? Administrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About Two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Perſecution?
Bing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.
And what would ſerve, if thoſe were gone
To make it Orthodox? Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The moſt notorious of the Time?
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out againſt?
'Cauſe Grace and Vertue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin;
And therefore no true Saint allows
They ſhould be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe.
For Saints can need no Conſcience
That with Morality diſpenſe;
As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature one's, and not imputed.

But why the Wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What's Liberty of Conscience,
I' th' Natural and Genuine Sense?
'Tis to restore with more security
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Christian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the Jews.
For a Large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with None.

It is enough (quoth he) *for once,*
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones,
Nick Machiavel *had ne'r a Trick,*
(Though he gave's Name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' World for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;

And

And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of Brimſtone, and his own.

The *Queen of Night*, whoſe large Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,
And over moiſt and crazy Brains
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the Weſt,
To go to Bed and take her reſt.
When *Hudibras*, whoſe ſtubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that ſoft repoſe,
Lay ſtill expecting worſe and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor;
And though he ſhut his Eyes as faſt
As if h' had been to ſleep his laſt,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards,
And pricking up his Ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,

Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch!*
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?
By Santring still on some Adventure,
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
As well in Conquest as defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind:
Which now thou art deni'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Because the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Case so fit;

Believ'd

Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite
That staid upon the Guards that Night,
And one of those h' had seen, and felt
The Drubs he had so freely dealt.
When, after a short Pause and Grone,
The dolefull Spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pelmell together by the Ears;
And after painfull Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;
And from the Pinacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory:
(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Disasters Rallies.)
Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded;
And at a Riding handled worse,
With Treats more slovenly and course;
Ingag'd with Friends in stubborn Wars,
And hot Disputes with Conjurers;

And when th' hadſt bravely won the day,
Waſt fain to ſteal thy ſelf away.
(I ſee, thought he, this ſhameleſs Elf
Would fain ſteal me too from my ſelf,
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for and done:)
And now but ventʼring to betray,
Haſt met with Vengeance the ſame way.
Thought he, How does the Devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?
His *Office of Intelligence*,
His *Oracles* are ceas'd long ſince:
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what ſome treacherous Spy acquaints.
This is ſome Pettifogging Fiend,
Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the Second hand;
And now would paſs for *Spirit Po*,
And all mens dark Concerns fore-know.

I think

I think I need not fear him for't:
These Rallying Devils do no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And hastily cry'd out, *What art?*
A Wretch (quoth he) *whom want of Grace*
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast ghess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry Black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,
That hast no work to do in th' House,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes:
Without the raising of which Sum,
Thou dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.
This is your business, good Pug Robin,
And your Diversion dull Dry Bobbing;

T'in-

T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry Jest you laugh aloud.
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Raillery.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) *y' are no such Sophy*
As you would have the World judge of ye,
If you design to weigh our Talents
I' th' Standard of your own false Balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us Ghosts as well as we do you:
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
And never left you in Contest
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye and intire
In all adventures as your Squire,

Quoth

Quoth he, *That may be said as true*
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those Allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a Token
To your Low-Country Hogen Mogen,
To whose Infernal Shores I hope
He'l swing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if y' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' Ill-affected say of you,
That have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your Cloven Paws.
Sir, quoth the Voice, *'tis true, I grant,*
We made and took the Covenant.
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Than other Perj'ries doe the Laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.

And

And that's the Reason Cov'nanters
Held up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.
I see, quoth *Hudibras*, *from whence*
These Scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural Effects
Of Satan's *Malice, and his Sects,*
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threads
Spun out of th' Entrals of their Heads.
Sir, quoth the Voice, *that may as true*
And properly be said of you;
Whose Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents do
Is onely what you forc'd them to.
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
But must have Armies rais'd, to back
The Gospel-work you undertake:
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
Were th' onely Engines to save Souls.

While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'r a Classis, cannot sentence
To Stools or Poundage of Repentance;
Is ti'd up onely to Design,
T Intice, and Tempt, and Underwine:
In which you all his Arts out-do,
And prove your selves his Betters too.
Hence 'tis Possessions do less evil
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid'st Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Because unless you help the Elf,
He can do little of himself:
And therefore where he's best Possest,
Do's most against his Interest;
Surprises none but those wh' have Priests
To turn him out, and Exorcists,
Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
And Magazines of Ammunition,

With

With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,
The Tools of working out Salvation
By meer Mechanick Operation,
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
To overflow all Avennes.
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprize,
Although his falsest Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge.
For where are all your Forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but Jailors of the Holes
And Dungeons where you clap up Souls;
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T' your Mittimus Anathemaes;
And never boggle to restore
The Members you deliver o're

Upon

Upon Demand, with fairer Juſtice
Than all your Covenanting Truſtees:
Unleſs, to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the Secular Pow'rs,
And paſs their Souls as ſome demiſe
The ſame Eſtate in Mortgage twice,
When to a Legal Utlegation
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Diſtrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajoul the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven Hoof.
Tis true, quoth he, that *intercourſe*
Has paſt between your Friends and ours;
That as you truſt us in our way,
To raiſe your Members, and to lay,

We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to Hang themselves or Drown,
Or, frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onel' have made that Title good:
And if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.
Right, quoth the Voice, *and as I scorn*
To be ungratefull in return
Of all those kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Distress,
And set you down in safety, where,
It is no time to tell you here.

The Cock crows and the Morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone:
And if I leave you here till day,
You'l find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about,
To find th' inchanted Hero out,
And try'd with haſte to lift him up;
But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,
Unſerviceable with Kicks and Blows
Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like *Greſham* Carts, with Legs for Wheels.
But Fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe Sores,
In danger of Relapſe to worſe,
Came in t'aſſiſt him with its Aid,
And up his ſinking Veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge.
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back,

And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With ſome few Rubs againſt the Wall:
Where finding out the Poſtern lock'd,
And th' *Avennes* as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, ſtorm'd the Glaſs,
And in a moment gain'd the Paſs,
Through which he dragg'd the worſted Sould
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulder
And cautiouſly began to ſcout,
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Queſt,
E're he retriev'd the Champion's Beaſt,
Ty'd to a Pale in ſtead of Rack,
But ne'r a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Piſtols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the Night too ſteal away,
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *Bare Ridge* bolt upright.

And groping out for *Ralpho*'s Jade,
He found the Saddle too was ſtraid,
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He Kick'd and Cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haſte,
On both ſides laid about as faſt,
And ſpurr'd as *Jockies* uſe, to break,
Or *Padders*, to ſecure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an Even Rate.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO Of the Third Part.

The Saints engage in fierce Conteſts
About their Carnal Intereſts;
To ſhare their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel *left them in a Storm:*
Till, in th' Effigie of RUMPS, *the Rabble*
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An Inſect Breeze*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of *Bees*,
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founders of his Houſe;
From whoſe corrupted Fleſh that Breed
Of Vermine did at firſt proceed.

So,

So, e'r the Storm of War broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various Rout,
Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts,
That firſt run all Religion down,
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the *Perſian Magi* once
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,
Who were incapable t' injoy
That Empire any other way:
So *Presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *Good Old Cauſe*, his Mother,
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whoſe *Son* and *Husband* are the ſame.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Intr'eſt for their common good,
Could, when their Profits interfear'd,
Get Quater for each others Beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But onely by the ears engag'd:

Like Dogs that ſnarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none.
As by their trueſt Characters,
Their conſtant Actions, plainly appears.

Rebellion now began for lack
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder* to grow ſlack;
The *Cauſe* and *Covenant* to leſſen,
And Providence to b' out of Seaſon:
For now there was no more to purchaſe,
O' th' Kings Revenue and the Churche's,
But all divided, ſhar'd and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the Stubborn'ſt for the Cauſe
To croſs the Cudgels to the Laws;
That what by breaking them 't had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd:
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd againſt the *Hue-and-Cry*.

For *Presbyter* and *Independent*
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff Defendant*,
Laid out their Apoſtolick Functions
On Carnal *Orders* and *Injunctions*,
And all their Precious Gifts and Graces
On *Out-lawries* and *Scire facias*;
At *Michael's* Term had many a Trial,
Worſe than the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of Fees,
Into the *Bottomleſs Abyſs*.
For when like Brethren and Friends,
They came to ſhare their Dividends,
And ev'ry Part'ner to poſſeſs
His Church and State Joynt-Purchaſes,
In which the Ableſt Saint and Beſt
Was nam'd in Truſt by all the reſt,
To pay their Money; and, inſtead
Of ev'ry Brother, paſs the Deed;
He ſtraight converted all his Gifts
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts,

And ſettled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs*;
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſt upon his Conſcience,
By *Pre-intail* of *Providence*;
Impeach'd the reſt for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Eſtates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conſcience to fall on;
And laid about as hot and Brain-ſick
As th' *Utter Barriſter of Swanſwick*;
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As men with Sand-bags did of old;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Than all unſanctifi'd Truſtees:
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I' th' Caſe, receiv'd the overthrow;

Or

Or both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Cashier'd, and Chews'd,
Turn'd out and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,
To strowl and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up Teach down,
And make those Uses serve agen
Against the New-inlight'ned men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the *Cavalier*;
Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,
As pat as *Popish* and *Prelatick*;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any Sect i' th' Nation.

The *Good Old Cauſe*, which ſome believe
To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*
With Knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The World to Miſchief with New Light,
Had ſtore of Money in her Purſe,
When he took her for *bett'r or worſe*;
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independents* (whoſe firſt ſtation
Was in the *Rere of Reformation*,
A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
That ſerv'd for Horſe and Foot at onee,
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The *Saracen* and *Chriſtian* rid,
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murther*)
No ſooner got the Start to lurch
Both Diſciplines, of *War* and *Church*,

And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the War againſt
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints;
And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
T' Attack themſelves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, *themſelves at home*,
Wh' had compaſt all they Praid, and Swore,
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things but their *Laws and Hate*,
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the ſpoils of all th' had ranſackt,

To Botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the *Government*,
They met no ſooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had ſpar'd;
Agreed in nothing but t' *Aboliſh*,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demoliſh*.
For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,
As *Dutch-Boors* are t' a *Sootterkin*,
Both Parties joyn'd to do their beſt,
To Damn the Publick Intereſt;
And Hearded onely in Conſults
To put by one anothers Bolts,
T' out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For, as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim:
So thoſe who play a *Game of State*,
And onely *Cavil* in Debate,

Although

Although there's nothing loſt nor won,
The Publick Buſineſs is undone,
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the ſurer way to Ruine.
This when the *Royaliſts* perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*,)
Th' united conſtanter, and Sided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down;
Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated.
For Loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Bretheren in evil,
Their *Adverſaries* and the *Devil*,

Began

Began once more to shew them Play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day,
They rallied in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes,
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,
T' appoint *New-rising Rendezvouzes*;
And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd:
No sooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party started;
And, as if Nature too in haste,
To furnish our Supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd Destruction
T' a new and numerous Production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their Room,
That, like the Christian Faith, increast
The more, the more they were suppress't:
Whom neither *Chains* nor *Transportation*,
Proscription, *Sale*, nor *Confiscation*,

Nor

Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd Experiments,
Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling
To leave off *Loyally* and *Dangling*,
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
From staking Life and Fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
But kept the Title of their Cause
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws:
And prov'd no Prosp'rous Usurpation
Can ever settle on the Nation,
Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
They put their Loyalty in Possession;
And by their Constancy and Faith,
Destroy'd the Mighty men of *Gath*.

Tos'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign*;

And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As Moral men and Miscreants,
To Founder in the *Stygian* Ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry*:
Who, in a false erroneous Dream,
Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
False *Heaven* at the *End o' th' Hall*;
Whether it was decreed by Fate,
His Precious Reliques to Translate,
So *Romulus* was seen before
B' as Orthodox a *Senator*:
From whose Divine Illumination
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent*:
Who first laid by the *Parliament*,
The onely *Crutch* on which *he leant*:

And then sunk underneath the *State*,
That rode him above *Horseman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an *Empire all of Kings*,
Deliver'd from th' *Ægyptian Awe*
Of Justice, Government, and Law,
And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,
To Edifie upon the Ruines
Of *John* of *Leyden's old Out-goings*,
Who for a Weather-cock hung up
Upon their *Mother-Church's* Top,
Was made a Type by Providence
Of all their Revelations since;
And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
Who equally mistook their Measures:

For when they came to ſhape the *Model*,
Not one could fit another's Noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging then th' Unſanctifi'd;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the Maddeſt and moſt Crackt
Were found the Buſieſt to Tranſact.
For though moſt Hands diſpatch apace
And *make light work*, (the Proverb ſays)
Yet many different Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects;
And many Heads t' obſtruct Intrigues,
As ſloweſt Inſects have moſt Legs.

Some were for ſeting up a King,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs King *Jeſus*: Others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood*, *Deshrough*, and *Lambert*;

Some for the *Rump*, and some more crafty,
For *Agitators* and *the Safety*;
Some for the Gospel, and Massacres
Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
That swore to any Humane Regence
Oaths of Supremacy and *Allegiance*,
Yea though the Ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o'th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down the High places
Of *Synods* and *Provincial Classes*,
That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like Bloudy *Nimrods*:
Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of Excise;
And some against th' *Aegyptian Bondage*
Of *Holy days*, and *paying Poundage*:
Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,
And rectifying Bakers Loaves;
And some for finding out Expedients
Against the Slav'ry of Obedience.

Some were for *Gospel-Ministers*,
And some for *Read-Coat Seculars*,
As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield *the one and th' other Sword*.
Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk*;
Some for engaging to suppress
The *Camisado of Surplices*,
The Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And Turn'd to th' *Outward man the Inward*;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of *Popery*, than *Gospel-Light*.
Others were for Abolishing
That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,
With which th' unsanctifi'd *Bridegroom*
Is marry'd onely to a *Thumb*;
(As wise as Ringing of a Pig
That uses to break up Ground and Dig;)
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
That nulls the After-marriage Bill.

Some were for th' utter Extirpation
Of *Linsey-Woolsey* in the Nation;
And some against all Idolizing
The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.
Others, to make all things recant
The *Christian or Surname* of Saint;
And force all *Churches*, *Streets*, and *Towns*,
The *Holy Title* to renounce.
Some 'gainst a *Third Estate of Souls*,
And bringing down the Price of Coals.
Some for Abolishing Black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the Blood in;
To abrogate them Roots and Branches:
While others were for *eating Haunches*
Of Warriors, and *now* and *then*
The *Flesh of Kings* and *Mighty Men*;
And some for Breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret ones*;
For Thrashing Mountains, and with Spells
For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.

Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
But made the Wicked fore afeard of.
The Quacks of Government (who safer
At th' unregarded *Helm of State*,
And understood, this wild Confusion
Of fatal Madness and Delusion,
Must, sooner then a Prodigie,
Portend Destruction to be nigh)
Considerd timely, how t' withdraw
And save their Wind-pipes from the Law:
For one Rencounter at the Bar
Was worse then all th' had scap'd in War:
And therefore met in Consultation,
To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation;
Not for the sickly Patients sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
More wise then fumbling Arteries;
Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,
And from the Grave recover *Gain*.

Among these there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads than a *Beast in Vision*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the *Whores of Babylon*.
So politick, as if one eye
Upon the other were a Spy;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink;
And in his dark Pragmatick way
As busie as a Child at Play.
He had seen three Governments Run
And had a hand in ev'ry one,
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But Barb'rous when they came to fall:
For by *Trapanning* th' old to Ruine,
He made his Int'rest with the New ones;
Plaid true and faithful, though against
His Conscience and was still advanced.
For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Chamelion*,

By

By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his Tide,
But got the Start of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'r came too late:
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and (Faith)
As many ways as in a Lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' highest Truth, and out for New.
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
In stead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,
And past upon a Government,
He play'd his trick and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The Publick Ruine and his own.
So little did he understand
The desp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a Name,
For Fraud and Tricks, he spoil'd his Game.

Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To shew his play at *Fast and loose*;
And when he chanc'd to escape, mistook
For Art and Subtilety, his Luck;
So right his Judgment was cut out,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together most Profound
At Deeds of Darkness under Ground,
As th' Earth is first undermin'd
By Vermin Impotent and Blind,
By all these Arts, and many more
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our *State-Artificer* foresaw
Which way the World began to draw.
For as *Old Sinners* have all Points,
O' th' Compass in their Bones and Joints,
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,

And

And better then by *Napier's Bones*,
Feel in their own the Age of Moons:
So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
And in their Consciences feel Pain
Some days before a Show'r of Rain.
He therefore wisely fell about
All ways he could, to *insure his Throat*;
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What Courses other Riskers took;
And to the utmost doe his best
To Save himself, and Hang the rest.

To match this Saint, there was another,
As busie and perverse a Brother,
An Haberdasher of Small-wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs;
More *Jew* then *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel:

For

For when h' had taught his Tribe to Spouſe
The Cauſe, aloft, upon one Houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in Order;
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſullenly addicted ſtill
To's onely Principle, *his Will*,
That whatſoe'r it chanc'd to prove,
No force of Argument could move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'burn*,
Could render half a grain leſs ſtubborn,
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' *harangue*,
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Then miſs his dear delight, to wrangle:
In which his Parts were ſo accompliſht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'r was non-pluſt;
But ſtill his Tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe,
And with its Everlaſting Clack
Set all mens Ears upon the Rack:

No

No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to Pickeering,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he ingag'd in *Controversie*;
Not by the force of Carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable.
For though his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
Could near amount above a Freak;
He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Against the desperat'st Assaults;
And back'd their feeble want of Sense
With greater Heat and Confidence:
As Bones of *Heroes* when they differ,
The more th' are *Cudgel'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
Yet when his Pride moderated,
The fury of his Heat abated:
For nothing but his Interest
Could lay his Devil of Conceit:

It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,
To espouse the Cause for *Better or worse*;
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And *Soul*, and *Body*, worshipp'd it:
But when he found the sullen *Vnape*
Possest with th' *Devil*, *Worms*, and *Chips*,
The *Trojan Mare* in Fole with *Greeks*
Nor half so full of *Jadish Tricks*,
Though Squeamish in her outward Woman,
As loose and rampant as *Dol common*;
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
To adhere and cleave the obstinater;
And still the skittisher and looser
Her Freaks appear'd, to fit the closer;
For *Fools are stuborn in their way*,
As *Coins are hardned by th' Allay*:
And Obstinacy 's ne'r so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

These

These two, with others, being met,
And close in Consultation set;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The Oratour we mention'd late,
Less troubled with the pangs of State,
Then with his own impatience,
To give himself first Audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the *Ice.*

Quoth he, *There's nothing makes me doubt*
Our last Out-goings brought about,
More then to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Fore-head,
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,

Feel

Foul Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns;
And, since our Workings-out are croſt,
Throw up the Cauſe before tis' loſt.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, takeing of the Covenant,
The lameſt Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others;
But, in their own ſenſe, onely ſwore
To ſtrive to run away before?
And now would prove, the Words and Oath
Ingage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the Cauſe is in the lurch,
Between a right and Mungrel Church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That ſtickle which ſhall make an end on't:
And 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient,——(I mean, Margret's Faſt)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What anſwer was to be return'd.

Else why should Tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame,
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd
With Drums and Rattles like a Child;
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us.
For all our Scouring *of Religion*
Began with Tumults and Sedition;
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became strong Motives to Devotion;
(As Carnal Sea-men in a Storm
Turn pious Converts, and reform;)
When rusty Weapons with chalk'd Edges
Maintain'd our feeble Priviledges,
And brown Bills levied in the City
Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee;

When Zeal with aged Clubs and Gleaves
Gave chase to Rochets and White Sleeves,
And made the Church and State and Laws
Submit t' old Iron and the Cause,
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we know how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults by which the Mutinous
Betray themselves in stead of us;
The Hollow-hearted Disaffected,
And Close Malignant are detected;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to secure our own,
And freely sacrifice their Ears,
T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.
And yet for all these Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,
We idly sit, like stupid Block-heads,
Our hands committed to our Pockets,

And nothing but our Tongues at large,
To get the Wretches a diſcharge.
Like men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,
Who, e'r the blow, become meer Dolts;
Or Fools beſotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes,
And neither have they hearts to ſtay,
Nor wit enough to run away.
Who, if we could reſolve on either,
Might ſtand, or fall (at leaſt) together:
No mean nor trivial ſolaces
To Partners in extream diſtreſs,
Who uſe to leſſen their Deſpairs,
By parting them int' equal ſhares;
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.

But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left or Wit;
Who, when our Fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe;
Have time to Rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt defence, Deſpair;
Deſpair, by which the gallantſt Feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtreights,
And horrid'ſt dangers ſafely wav'd,
By b'ing courageouſly out-brav'd.
As Wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And Poiſons by themſelves expell'd.
And ſo they might be now again,
If we were, what we ſhould be, Men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt our ſelves with Fate:
As Criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.

This comes of Breaking Covenants,
And setting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace,
For Spiritual men are too Transcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang like Mahomet *in th' Air,*
Or St. Ignatius *at his Prayer,*
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State;
Disdain the Pedantry o'th' Letter;
And since Obedience is better
(The Scripture *says*) *than Sacrifice,*
Presume the less o't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st sins
Prescrib'd their peremptory Wins,
Or any Opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being call'd t' account for question.

Inter-

Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As Whittington *explain'd the Bells;*
And bid themſelves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jeruſalem;
But look ſo big and overgrown,
They ſcorn their Edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling Leſſons,
Their Tones and ſanctify'd expreſſions;
Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity on thoſe that want,
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
T' inſpire themſelves with Short-hand Notes:
For which they ſcorn and hate them worſe
Than Dogs and Cats do Sowgelders.
For who firſt bred them up to pray,
And teach, *the Houſe of Commons way?*
Where had they all their Gifted Phraſes,
But from our Calamies *and* Caſes?

Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,
Who e'r had heard of Nye *or* Owen?
Their diſpenſations had been ſtifled,
But for our Adoniram Biſield.
And had They not begun the War,
Th' had ne'r been Sainted as they are,
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate:
Their Zeal corrupts like ſtanding Water,
In th' Intervals of War and ſlaughter;
Abates the ſharpneſs of its Edge,
Without the Pow'r of Sacriledge,
And though th' have Tricks to caſt their Sins,
As eaſie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out again,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal men,
And from the moſt Refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow Miſcreants
As Barnacles turn Soland-Geeſe,
In th' Iſlands of the Orcades.

Their

Their Diſpenſation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked;
With whom their greateſt difference
Lies more in words and ſhew, than ſenſe:
For as the Pope, *that keeps the Gate*
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns in ſtate;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud Cerberus, *wears three Heads as well:*
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both,
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fever ſtill, like other Goats.
For though the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
Our Schiſmaticks ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter th' are they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their ſpiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious ſewds.

For

For Zeal's a dreadful Tarmagant,
That teaches Saints to tear *and* rant,
And Independents, *to profess*
The Doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek and sneaking Secret ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and bloody Bones:
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The Gibellins, *for want of* Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For now the War is not between
The Brethren and the Men of sin;
But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither side can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conscience,
Or zealous suffring for the Cause,
To gain one Grain's-worth of Applause:
For though endur'd with Resolution,
'Twill ne'r amount to Persecution.

Shall

Shall Precious Saints *and Secret ones*
Break one another's outward Bones?
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
Instead of Kings and Mighty men?
When Fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When Bel's *at Union with the* Dragon,
And Baal-Peor *Friends with* Dagon,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common Danger threatens both?
Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the Danger take?
But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal;
Who would not guess there might be hope,
The fear of Gallowses and Ropes

Before

Before their Eyes might reconcile
Their Animosities a while?
At least, until th' had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,
Without the danger of Surprise
By both our common Enemies?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their Workings-out,
And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Non-sense,
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'r restore.
We, whom at first they set up under,
In Revelation onely of Plunder,
Who since have had so many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To Out-reform and Undermine;

Took all our Intereſts and Commands
Perfidiouſly out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive-gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as Miniſterial,
Like younger Sons of Father Belial.

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong
Th' had done us and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories *and Carts-tails,*
Or Hang-man's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,

That cut like Tallies to the Stumps
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Vessels, like a New-
Seal'd Peck or Bushel, for b'ing true.
But hand in hand, like faithfull Brothers,
Held forth the Cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One Syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward Men:
Our inward Men and constant Frame
Of Spirit still were near the same.
And till they first began to Cant,
And Sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'r had Call in any place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down Free-Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Against the Common Enemy:
Although 'twas our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a Rimmon.

And yet for all this Gospel-Union,
And outward shew of Church-Communion,
They'l ne'r admit us to our shares,
Of Ruling Church or State Affairs;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own Conditions of Repentance:
But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
We had so painfully Preach'd down;
And forc'd us, though against the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Justice to Restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And then 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about,

And that our onely Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a ſhare
At leaſt in carrying on th' Affair.
But whether that be ſo or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had don't,
And eaſier paſt upon account.
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The World is nat'rally averſe
To all the truth it ſees or hears,
But ſwallows Non-ſenſe and a Lie
With greedineſs and gluttony;
And though it have the Piqne, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong:
As Women long, when th' are with Child
For things extravagant and wild,

For Meats ridiculous, and fulsom,
But seldom any thing that's wholsom;
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what th' are confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more, to hedge in Providence.
For, as Relapses make Diseases
More dispirate than their first Accesses;
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is easier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I'th' Mystery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The first War to create, than make:
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on;

Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own:
And if we did such Feats at first,
What can we now w'are better vers'd?
Who have a freer Latitude
Then Sinners give themselves allow'd?
And therefore likeliest to bring in
On faireſt Terms, our Diſcipline.
To which it was reveal'd long ſince,
We were ordain'd by Providence:
When Three Saints Ears, our Predeceſſors,
The Cauſe's Primitive Confeſſors,
B'ing Crucified, the Nation ſtood
In juſt ſo many Years of Blood:
That multipli'd by Six, *expreſs'd*
The perfect Number of the Beaſt.
And prov'd that we muſt be the Men.
To bring this Work about again:
And thoſe who laid the firſt Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation;

Or who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but we alone?
What Churches have such able Pastors?
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching-Masters?
Possess'd with Absolute Dominions,
Are Brethren's Purses and Opinions?
And trusted with the Double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses:
Who, when the Cause is in Distress,
Can furnish out what Sums they please,
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
To be dispos'd at their Commands:
And daily increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use and Usury.
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattel are;)
From the Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions;
And share them from Blew Ribbands down,
To all Blew Aprons in the Town.

From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cornets at their Footmen's Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better tri'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any side:
Has one considerabl' Improvement,
To double fortifie the Cov'nant;
I mean our Covenants to purchase
Delinquents Titles and the Churches:
That pass in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,
Among our selves, for Current Land.
And Rise or Fall, like Indian *Actions,*
According to the Rate of Factions:
Our best Reserve for Reformation,
When New-Out-goings give occasion:
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t' assert:
And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient,

Who can already muſter Friends,
To ſerve for Members, to our Ends:
That repreſent no part o' th' Nation,
But Fiſher's-Folly *Congregation:*
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
And ſit like Geeſe to hatch our Eggs:
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
Sout-faſt, out-leiter, and out-ſit:
Can order matters under hand,
To put all Buſ'neſs to a ſtand:
Lay Publick Bills aſide, for Private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the Great and Neceſſary,
With Trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the Nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us in Parliament;
Cut out more Work than can be done
On Plato's *Year; but finiſh none,*
Unleſs it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always paſt for Fundamental.

Can set up Grandee against Grandee,
To squander time away, and Bandy.
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage to th' inevitable peril
Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope
And Consolation of our Hope:
Who, tho we do not play the Game,
Assist as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce our ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions, t'act their Parts.
Know what a Leading-Voice is worth;
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth:
How much a Casting Vote comes to,
That turns up Trump, of I, or No;
And by Adjusting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that so much Study cost.
And now's in danger to be lost;

Unleſs our Ancient Virtuoſo's,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the Courſes that we took
To carry things, by Hook, or Crook:
And parcel'd down from Forty Four,
Untill they turn'd us out of Door;
Beſides the Herds of Bouteſeus,
We ſet on work, without the Houſe.
When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
Kept Legiſlative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence
From all Points of the Rabbles Senſe;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houſes
With Politick Important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Deſigns without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our preſent Uſe.
Agree upon the Plot i' th' Farce,
And every one his Part rehearſe.

Make Q's of Anſwers, to way-lay
What th' other Parties like to ſay,
What Repartees, and ſmart Reflexions
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
And who ſhall break the Maſter-Jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:
Help Pamphlets out, with ſaſe Editions,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions:
And Treaſon for a Token ſend,
By Letter, to a Country Friend.
Diſperſe Lampoons, the only Wit,
That Men, like Burglary, commit:
Wit, falſer than a Padder's Face,
That all its Owner does, betrays:
Who therefore dare not truſt it, when
He's in his Calling, to be ſeen.
Diſperſe the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Diſcord forth.
Be ſure to keep up Congregations,
In ſpight of Laws and Proclamations;

For Chiarlatans can do no good,
Untill th' are mounted in a Crowd:
And when th' are punish'd, all the Hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as Confessors are sure
Of double Pay for all th' endure:
And what they earn in Persecution,
Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution.
Whence some Tub-holders-forth have made
In Powdring-Tubs, their richest Trade:
And while they keep their Shops in Prison,
Have found their Prices strangely risen,
Disdain to own the least Regret
For all the Christian Blood w' have let;
'Twill save our Credit, and maintain
Our Title, to do so again;
That needs not cost one Dram of Sense,
But Pertinacious Impudence:
Our Constancy t' our Principles,
In time, will wear out all things else;

Like Marble Statues, rub'd to pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrim's Kisses;
While those who turn and wind their Oaths
Have swell'd, and sunk like other Froths.
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long,
Before from World to World they swung:
As they had turn'd from side, to side;
And as the Changelings liv'd they died.

This said; the impatient States-Monger
Could now contain himself no longer;
Who had not spar'd to shew his Pieques,
Against th' Haranguers Politicks;
With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After he had ministred a Dose
Of Snuff-Mundungus, *to his Nose;*
And powder'd th' inside of his Skull,
Instead of th' outward Jobbernol:

He ſhook it, with a ſcornful Look
On th' Adverſary, and thus he ſpoke.
In Dreſſing a Calve's Head, although
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange, if ever they come near:
For, who did ever play his Gambols,
With ſuch unſufferable Rambles?
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none can do, but thoſe who ſwore
T'as Point-blank Non-ſenſe heretofore:
That to Defend was to Invade,
And to Aſſaſſinate, to Aid:
Unleſs becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctine, that conduces
Moſt properly, to all your Uſes.

'Tis

'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is said
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made;
And Weapons dreſt with Salves, reſtore
And heal the Hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much Good Nature as the Salve,
Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,
Thoſe who have try'd 'em can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful Nation:
Bus'd ſo unconſcionable hard,
As not to find a juſt Reward.
For letting Rapine looſe, and Murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further:
And ſetting all the Land on fire,
To burn t' a Scanting, but no higher:
For ventring to aſſaſſinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State:

And

And not be allow'd the fitteſt Men
To take the Charge of both agen.
Eſpecially, that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;
Who, when your Projects have miſcarri'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head.
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at Second Hand.
As we have been, to ſhare the Guilt
Of Chriſtian Blood, devoutly ſpilt;
For ſo our Ignorance was ſtam'd,
To damn our ſelves, t' avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon;
And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but Bet:
(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd 'em on the ſelf-ſame Score:)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y' had loſt us at foul Play:

And

And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By.
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From pearching upon lofty Poles:
And rescued all your Outward Traitors
From hanging up like Allegators:
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Those were your Motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side,
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conscience and Remorse.
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New again:
For Truth no more avail'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies:
And therefore, all your Lights and Calls,
Are but Apocryphal, and False,

To

To charge us with the Conſequences
Of all your Native Inſolences.
That to your own Imperious Wills,
Laid Law and Goſpel Neck and Heels:
Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for Precedent:
T' amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murther and Rebellion-Texts:
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book, to ſow upon:
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Chriſtian Doctrine forth and Uſe:
As Mahomet *(your Chief) began*
To mix them in the Alchoran:
Denounc'd, and pray'd with Fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cuſhion:
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And Gifted Mortifying Groans:
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are ſaid to ſee the Wind:

Fill'd

Fill'd Bedlam *with* Predestination,
And Knights-Bridge *with* Illumination:
Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloody Bones *or* Lunsford.
While Women, Great with Child, miscarri'd:
For being to Malignants marri'd:
Transform'd all Wives to Dalilahs,
Whose Husbands were not for the Cause:
And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattel,
Because they came not out to Battel:
Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;
And rather forfeit their Indentures,
Than not espouse the Saints Adventures.

Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,
And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like Orpheus
Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,
T' obey and follow your Commands:

And ſettle on a New Free-hold,
As Marcly-Hill *had done of Old.*
Could turn the Covenant, and tranſlate
The Goſpel into Spoons and Plate:
Expound upon all Merchants Caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt Places:
Could Catechiſe a Mony Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox;
Until the Cauſe became a Damon,
And Pythias, *the wicked* Mammon.

And yet, in ſpight of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up, in Arms;
And raiſe more Devils in the Rout,
Than e'er ywere able to caſt out:
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe Fools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own Schools:
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain, they have more Wit.

By whom you have been ſo oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all Command:
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on.
Of all your Diſpenſations Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd.
Ejected out of Church, and State,
And all things, but the People's Hate:
And ſpirited out of th'Enjoyments
Of precious, edifying Employments;
By thoſe who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
All which you bore, with Reſolution,
Charg'd on th'Account of Perſecution:
And though, moſt Righteouſly oppreſt,
Againſt your Wills, ſtill acquieſt:
And never Hum'd and Hah'd Sedition,
Nor ſnuffled Treaſon, nor Miſpriſion.
That is, becauſe you never durſt;
For had you preach'd and pray'd your worſt,

Ala,

Alas, you were no longer able
To raiſe your Poſſe of the Rabble:
One ſingle Red-Coat Sentinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And with his Squirt-fire, could diſperſe
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verſe:
We knew too well thoſe tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your Powers:
Or truſt our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your diſpoſing of Out-goings;
Or to your Ordering Providence,
One Farthings-worth of Conſequence

For had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Deſign,
Or Correſpondence to trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man;
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to uſe the means.

And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to reſtore,
That could not keep your ſelves in pow'r
T' advance the Interſts of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'ld be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in Both;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of Senſe,
And ſanctifi'd Impertinence:
Your carrying buſineſs in a Huddle,
That forc'd our Rulers to New-Modle;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;
To Reformado, One and All,
T' your Great Croyſado, General:

Your greedy slav'ring to devour
Before 'twas in your Clutches, Pow'r,
That sprung the Game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the Net;
Your spight to see the Churches Lands
Divided into other Hands.
And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
Laid out on Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be sprinkled down,
By Under Churches in the Town.
And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independants spreading Growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true,
None bring him in so much as you.
Who have prevail'd, beyond their Plots,
Their Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots;
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
Than all their own rash Politicks.
And this way you may claim a share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair;

Elſe Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the Jews,
From Pharo, *and his Brick-kills-looſe:*
And Flies, and Mange, that ſet them free,
From Task-Maſters, and Slavery:
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any indifferent Man's Conceit;
For who e'er heard of Reſtoratian,
Untill your thorough Reformation:
That is, the King's and Churches Lands
Were ſequeſtred int' other Hands?
For, only then, and not before,
Your Eyes were opened to reſtore.
And when the Work was carrying on,
Who croſt it, but your ſelves alone?
As, by a World of Hints, appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
But firſt o'th firſt; the Iſle of Wight
Will riſe up, if you ſhould deny't;
Where Hinderſon, *and th' other Maſſe,*
Were ſent to cap Texts, and put Caſes:

To pass for Deep and Learned Scholars;
Although but Paltry, Ob-and-Sollers:
As if th' unseasonable Fools
Had been a Cursing in the Schools;
Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
O' th' Covenant, and the Cause, his Daughter;
For, when they charg'd him with the Guilt
Of all the Blood that had been spilt;
They did not mean, he wrought th' Effusion
In Person, like Sir Pride, *or* Hughson;
But only those, who first begun
The Quarrel, were by him set on.
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation-Termegants?
But e'er this past, the wise Debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late;
For Oliver *had gotten Ground,*
T'enclose them, with his Warriers, round.
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd the untimely Sophists out.

Nor had the Uxbridge *bus'neſs leſs*
Of Non-ſence in't, and ſottiſhneſs,
When from a Scoundrel Holder-forth,
The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,
Your mighty Senators took Law
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw;
And ſacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation
To Doctrine, Uſe, and Application.
So when the Scots, *your conſtant Cronies,*
Th' Eſpouſers of your Cauſe, and Monies:
Who had ſo often, in your Aid,
So many ways been ſoundly paid;
Came in at laſt, for better Ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty Friends,
You baſely left them, and the Church,
Th' had train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own Tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true Philiſtines.
This ſhews what Utenſils y' have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in:

Which

Which is so far from being true,
That none but He can bring in You.
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just;
Such as will punctually repay
With double Interest, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times;
Are less ingenious in their Art,
Than those who dully act one Part;
Or those who turn from Side to Side;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a Wise man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,
Who change them for the same Intrigues
That Statesmen use in breaking Leagues:
While others in Old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd, as in Out-of-fashion'd Cloaths:

And

And naſtier, in an old Opinion,
Than thoſe who never ſhift their Linnen.

For True and Faithful's ſure to looſe,
Which way ſoever the Game goes:
And whether Parties loſe or win,
Is always nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in.
While Pow'r uſurp'd like ſtol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None riſe ſo high as from the Halter.

And ſo may we, if w' have but Senſe
To uſe the neceſſary Means,
And not your uſual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreames.
To ſtand on Terms as poſitive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
'Gainſt thoſe who have us in their Clutches;

And

And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w'are sure to prop our own:
Your constant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your Inward Sense, and Outward,
Are worse, than if y'had none, accoutred.

I grant, all Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, How?
Tis true! w'have Money, th'only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before:
Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all things.
And therefore, need not doubt our Play
Has all advantages that way;
As long as Men have Faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well.

Whose

Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
One Church and State will not suffice,
T' expose to Sale; beside the Wages
Of storing Plagues to after Ages.
Nor is our Money less our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
If we are brought in Play upon 't;
Or, but by Casting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the Arts we us'd before,
In Peace and War, and something more;
And by the unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments.
For, when w' are taken into Trust,
How easie are the Wisest chous't?
Who see but th' out-sides of our Feats,
And not their secret Springs and Weights;
And while th' are busie at their ease,
Can carry what Designs we please:

How easie is't to serve for Agents,
To prosecute our old Engagements?
To keep the Good Old Cause on Foot,
And present Power from taking Root?
Inflame them both with false Alarms,
Of Plots, and Parties, taking Arms;
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
For healing up of Side to Side.
Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
For both their Interests, by Turns.
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As Bowls run true, by being made
Of purpose false, and to be sway'd)
For, if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together:
And therefore have no other Means,
To stand upon our own Defence;
But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty:

To reconcile our late Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Venters,
Unite them and their different Maggots,
As long and ſhort Sticks are in Faggots.
And make them joyn again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t'Eſpouſe;
Erect them into Separate
New Jewiſh Tribes, in Church and State;
To joyn in Marriage and Commerce,
And only among themſelves Converſe.
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
Take all Religians in and ſtickle,
From Conclave, down to Conventicle;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conſcience,
And Spiritual miſs-rule, in one Senſe.
But in another quite contrary,
As Diſpenſations chance to vary:

And

And ſtand for, as the times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their Emeſſaries, impower'd
To preach Sedition and the Word:
And when th' are hamper'd by the Laws,
Releaſe the Lab'rers for the Cauſe;
And turn the Perſecution back,
On thoſe that made the firſt Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking or maintaining Law;
And when they have their Fits ſo ſoon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon:
Put off their Zeal t'a fitter Seaſon,
For ſowing Faction in, and Treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the Bleſſed Time ſhall come,
Of quitting Babylon *and* Rome,

They

They may be ready to reſtore
Their own Fifth-Monarchy, *once more;*
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Againſt Revolts of Providence;
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind ſides of it, as they happen:
For, if Succeſs could make us Saints,
Our Ruin turn'd us Miſcreants:
A Scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a Few, and unprepar'd.

Theſe are the Courſes we muſt run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone:
And not to ſtand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our Necks.
But do our Work, as out of ſight,
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night:
All Licence of the People own,
In oppoſition to the Crown.

And for the Crown as fiercely ſide,
The Head and Body to divide;
The end of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
Be ſure to ſpare no publick Rapine,
In all Emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as eaſie to ſupplant
Authority, as Men in want:
As ſome of us, in truſts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vaſtly, by their Joynt-endeavour;
The right *a Thief, the* left *Receiver.*
And what the one, by tricks, foreſtall'd,
The other, by as ſly, Retail'd.
For Gain has wonderful Effects,
To improve the Factory of Sects;
The Rule of Faith in all Profeſſions,
And great Diana *of the* Epheſians:
Whence turning of Religion's made
The means to turn and wind a Trade.

And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a Course;
And draw in store of Customers,
To thrive the better in Commerce:
For, all Religions flock together,
Like Tame, and Wild-Fowl of a Feather;
To nab the Itches of their Sects;
As Jades do one another's Necks.
Hence 'tis, Hypocrisie, as well,
Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal;
As Persecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion.

Let Business, like ill Watches, go,
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow:
For, things in order are put out
So easie, Ease it self will do't.
But when the Feat's design'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th' event?

r 'tis more eaſie to betray,
han ruin any other way.

ll poſſible Occaſions ſtart,
he Weighty'ſt Matters to divert:
ſtruct, Perplex, Diſtract, Intangle,
d lay perpetual Trains to wrangle:
e in Affairs of leſs Import,
at neither do us Good nor Hurt,
d they receive as little by,
t-fawn as much, and Out-comply:
d ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
bait our Hooks for greater Truſt.

t ſtill be careful to cry down
ll publick Actions, though our own:
e leaſt Miſcarriage aggravate,
d charge it all upon the State:
xpreſs the horrid'ſt Deteſtation,
d pity the diſtracted Nation.

Tell Stories, ſcandalous and falſe,
I' th' proper Language of Cabals:
Where all a ſubtil States-man ſays
Is half in Words, and half in Face:
(As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entruſt it under ſolemn Vows
Of Mum and Silence, and the Roſe,
To be retail'd again in Whiſpers,
For th' eaſie credulous to diſperſe.

Thus far the States-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out.
And ſtrait another, all agaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal Fear and Haſte:
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, *as out of Breath*;
Till having gather'd up his Wits;
He thus began his Tale by Fits.

That beastly Rabble,——that came down,
From all the Garrets——in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards——in vast Swarms,
With new-chalk'd Bills,——and rusty Arms,
To cry the Cause——up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops——out of Door;
Are now drawn up,——in greater Shoals,
To Roast——and Broil us on the Coals:
And all the Grandees——of our Members
Are Carbonading on——the Embers;
Knights, Citizens and Burgesses——
Held forth by Rumps——of Pigs and Geese.
That serve for Characters——and Badges,
To represent their Personages,
Each Bone-fire is a Funeral Pile,
In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil;
And ev'ry Representative
Have vow'd to Roast——and Broil alive;

And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already, sacrific'd Incarnate.
For, while we wrangle here, and jar,
W' are Grylly'd all at Temple-Bar;
Some, on the Sign-post of an Ale-house,
Hang in Effigy, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags, to personate
Respective Officers of State;
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Listed under Dun;
That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows.
The activ'st Member of the Five,
As well as the most Primitive:
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is chosen for a Fifth agen;
(For, since the State has made a Quint
Of Generals, he's listed in't.)

This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own way;
For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts:
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em:
And, to the largest Bonefire riding,
Th' have roasted Cook already, and Pride-m.
On whom, in Equipage, and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow-Members wait;
And March in Order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do:
Each in a tatter'd Talisman,
Like Vermine in Effigie slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beast;
Set up by Popish Engineers,
As by the Crackers plainly appears:

For, none but Jesuits have a Mission
To preach the Faith with Ammunition;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown up Soldier.
These Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whores,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
To take in Heav'n by springing Mines;
And with unanswerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels:
Now take a Course more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up in th' open Streets;
Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites;
More like to Ruin, and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground.

Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss,
For Symbols of State-Mysteries;

Though

Though ſome ſuppoſe, 'twas but to ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the Saints, The Few;
Who, 'cauſe th' are waſted to the ſtumps,
Are repreſented beſt by Rumps,
But Jeſuits have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far-fetches:
And from their Coptick Prieſt, Kirkerus,
Found out this Myſtick way to jeer us.

For, as the Ægyptians us'd, by Bees,
T' expreſs their Antick Ptolomies;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Becauſe theſe ſubtil Animals
Bear all their Int'reſts in their Tails;
And when th' are once impair'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their Well-order'd State:
They thought all Governments were beſt,
By Hieroglyphick Rumps, expreſt,

For, as in Bodies Natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all;
So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm:
With which, like Vessels under Sail,
Th' are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
Their Courses with, through Sea and Air;
To whom the Rudder *of the* Rump *is*
The same thing with the Stern *and* Compass.
This shews how perfectly the Rump
And Commonwealth *in Nature jump.*
For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Rests with his Tail *above his* Head;
So in this Mungrel State *of ours,*
The Rabble *are the* Supreme Powers.
That Hors'd us on their Backs, to show us
A Jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The

The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a Bone which they call Luez,
I'th' Rump of Man, of such a Vertue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last Great Day,
All th' other Members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All sorts of Vegetals proceed:
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, *justly stile that* Part.

Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump-bone, the Parliament?
That after several vain Effects,
And as prodigious Resurrections,
With new Reversions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and like a Cat, revives.

But now, alas, th' are all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as Members fir'd;
Consum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning Distress,
And Paultry, Private Wretchedness:
Worse than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all hopes of Restauration;
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.

We, who could lately, with a Look,
Enact, Establish, or Revoke;
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept multitudes in Awe:
Before the Bluster of whose Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off.
Ador'd and bow'd to, by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.

Had

Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The Horrour, that attends our Fall:
For, some of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge.
And others who, by restless scraping
With Publick Frauds, and private Rapine;
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last:
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Vessels on perpetual Jail;
And bless the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worse terms.

This said, A near and louder Shout
Put all th' Assembly to the Rout:

Who now begun t' out-run their fear,
As Horses do, from those that bear:
But crouded on, with so much haste,
Untill th' had block'd the Passage fast;
And Barricadoed it with Hunches
Of Outward Men, and Bulks, and Paunches:
That with their shoulders strowts squeeze,
And rather save a Cripled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken Members,
Than have them Grillied on the Embers:
Still pressing on with heavy Packs,
Of one another, on their Backs:
The Van-Guard could no longer bear
The Charges of the Forlorn Rere;
But born down head-long by the Rout,
Were trampled slavishly under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As the horrid Cookery of the Rabble:
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As lesser Pains are, by the Gout,

Re-

Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly;
And beat a Tuscan Running Horse,
Whose Jacky-Rider is all Spurs.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight:
To quit th' Inchanted Bow'r by Night:
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and prosecute:
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the Enterprize:
But first resolves to try by Letter,
And once more, fair Address, to get her.

WHo would believe what strange *Bugbears*
Mankind creates it self, of *Fears*?
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed;

And have no possible Foundation,
But merely in th' Imagination:
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their *Imps and Teats*:
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.
For fear does things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which.
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences:
As *Ross-crusian Virtuoso's*,
Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses*:
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supplied by Fear;
That makes 'em in the dark *see Visions*,
And hag themselves with *Apparitions*.
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subt'lest Objects best.
Do things not contrary alone
To th' Course of Nature, but its own:

The Courage of the Braveſt daunt,
And turn Pultroons as valiant;
For Men as reſolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear:
And when th' are out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying;
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe that fled, like Lions Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left Perdue,
And haunted with Detachments, ſent
From *Marſhal-Legion's Regiment*;
Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Reſcu'd with a Cheat:
When nothing but himſelf and fear
Was both the *Imps and Conjurers*
As by the Rules o'th *Virtuoſi*,
It follows in due *Form of Poſſe*:

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight:
At *Blind-man's-buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear, of *Night and Day*:
Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,
He knew no better than his Horse;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whether) fled,
He never was in greater need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed:
Disabled both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, *his best*;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And tho with Kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer side:
(As *Sea-men* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Row'd the Horse*;

And when the Hackney Sails moſt ſwift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a-drift*)
So though he poſted e'er ſo faſt,
His Fear was greater than his *Haſte*:
For Fear, though fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began to appear,
And ſhift t' *another Scene* his Fear;
He found his new Officious *Shade*,
That came ſo timely to his Aid;
And forc'd him from the Foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd it ſelf to *Ralpho's ſhape*.
So like in *Perſon*, *Garb*, *and Pitch*,
Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*.

For *Ralpho* had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight.
To entertain the approaching Knight.

And while he gave himself Diversion,
T' accommodate his *Beast and Person*,
And put his *Beard* into a posture,
At best advantage to accost her:
She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,
(For his Reception) *aforesaid*:
But when the *Ceremony* was done,
The *Lights put out, and Furies gone*;
And *Hudibras*, amongst the rest,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* guest:
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himself;
The Knight mistook him for an Elf
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man;
And thought, because they oft agreed,
T' appear in one another's stead;
And act the *Saints* and *Devils* Part,
With undistinguishable Art;

They might have done so now perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out.
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite,
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some busie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?
Alas, quoth he, *I'm none of those*
Your Bosom-Friends, as you suppose;
But Ralph *himself, your trusty Squire,*
Wh' has drag'd your Dunship out o' th' mire;
And from the Inchantments of a Widdow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you.
And though a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are.
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That's stranger (quoth the Knight) *and stranger:*
Who gave thee notice of my danger?

Quoth he, *Th' Infernal Conjurer*
Purſu'd, and took me Priſoner;
And knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in Hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they ſaid and did:
And though they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not ſee him, nor his Agent;
Who plai'd their Sorceries out of ſight,
T' avoid a fiercer, ſecond Fight.

But, didſt thou ſee no Devils then?
Not one, quoth he, *but Carnal Men.*
A little worſe than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil, Jezabel;
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with deriſion,
To ſee them take your Depoſition.
What then (quoth *Hudibras*) was he
That plai'd the Dev'l, to examine me?

A Rel-

A Rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parſon's Gown:
Whom all the Pariſh takes for gifted;
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it.
In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conſcientious Frauds and Cheats;
Deny'd your Whipping, and confeſs'd
The naked Truth of all the reſt:
More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone;
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my *Helliſh Fear?*
Quoth he, *I knew your conſtant Rate,*
And Frame of Spirite, too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own:

And therefore strove to counterfeit
The Devil a while, to Nick your Wit.
The Devil, that is your constant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye:
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with mighty Drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the Enemy behind;
And saw no farther harm remain,
But feeble Weariness and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the Day;
And by declining of the Road,
They had by chance their Rere made good.
He ventur'd to dismiss his Fear,
That parting's wont to *Rave and Tear*.
And gives the desperat'st Attack
To danger, still behind its Back.

For

For, having paws'd to recollect,
And on his past Success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And when no Devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd;
It put him in so fierce a Rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage,
Toss't like a Foot-ball back again,
With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.*

Quoth he, *It was thy Cowardise*
That made me from this Leaguer rise;
And when I had half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.
Was better cover'd by thy New
Arriv'd Detachment than I knew:
To slight my new Acquest, and run
Victoriously from Battels won.

And reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt,
To make me put my ſelf to flight;
And Conqu'ring, run away by night.
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
Durſt never have preſum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horſe.
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms and Equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might the unequal Fight renew.
And, to preſerve thy Outward Man,
Aſſum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, quoth Ralph, *I did, 'tis true,*
Not to preſerve my ſelf, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baſer Drubs,
Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs;

To mount two wheel'd Carroches, warſe
Than managing a Wooden Horſe:
Drag'd out through ſtraiter Holes, by th' Ears,
Bear'd, or Coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, though the Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reaſon to complain:
But ſince it proſper'd, 'tis unhandſome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ranſome;
And reſcued your obnoxious Bones
From unavoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was reinforc'd,
And we diſabled and unhors'd:
Diſarm'd, unqualifi'd for Fight;
And no way left, but haſty Flight.
Which, though as deſperate in the Attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re-inforce the Expedition,

'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No Martial Project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their losing Cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and Beast
Are fit for nothing now but Rest.
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable.
And therefore I with reason chose
This Stratagem, t' amuse our Foes.
To make an Honourable Retreat,
And wave a total sure Defeat:
For, those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art,
By which some Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.

And

And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoyl.
It held the gallanteſt Courſe, and braveſt,
To great Exploits, as well as ſafeſt:
That ſpares the Expence of Time and Paint,
And dangerous beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails, as certain,
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
But make their Fear do Execution,
Beyond the ſtonteſt Reſolution;
As Earth-quakes kill, without a Blow,
And only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients Crown'd their braveſt men
That only ſav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or Fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a Battel's won,
The War's as far from being done:

For

For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, in th' Victory:
And sometime, when their loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all:
Print new additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazets;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun:
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home,
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.

To set the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governours from Blame,
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells:
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lie,

And

And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks;
For those who run from the Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly.
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Those win the Day, that win the Race;
And that which would not pass in Fights,
Has done the Feat with easie Slights.
Recover'd many a desp'rate Campain,
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy *and* Champain.
Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine and Aqua-vitæ.
And made them stoutly overcome,
With Bacrach, Hocamore and Mum:
Whom, the uncontrol'd Decrees of Fate
To Victory necessitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or else their Sultan-Populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth Hudibras, *I understand*
What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land;
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day:
Although the Rabble soue'd them for't,
Over Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true, our Modern way of War
Is grown more politick by far;
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
For, now they laugh at giving Battel,
Unless it be to Herds of Cattel:
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
The whole design of the Expedition.
And not with down-right blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:
As Fighting in all Beasts of Prey,
And Eating are perform'd one way,

To

To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn Guts to death,
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt Renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down,
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to Famine.
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Deſign,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine,
But have no need, nor uſe of Courage,
Unleſs it be for Glory, or Forrage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one ſide vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' Rere:
And forc'd with terrible reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a diſtance;
To pick out Ground to incamp upon
Where ſtore of largeſt Rivers run,
That ſerve inſtead of peaceful Barriers
To part th' Engagements of their Warriers.

Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep.
For Men are found the stouter hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted.
And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
As the ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their great Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold;
But who bears Hunger best, and Cold:
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving:
But he that routs most Pigs and Cows,
The formidablest Man of Prowess.
So, the Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British Sea;
Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
And Lobsters, 'stead of Curasiers;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns and Muscles:

And

And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops.
Not like their ancient way of War,
To wait on his Triumphal Carr,
But when he went to Dine or Sup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all Wars by his Example,
Reduc'd to vittling of a Camp well.

Quoth Ralph, by all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course:
To hope by stratagem to woo her,
Or waging Battle to subdue her.
Though some have done it in Romances,
And bang'd them into amorous Fancies,
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones:

And ſtout Rinaldo *gain'd his Bride*
By Courting of her Back and Side.
But ſince thoſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover:
When Miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch Addreſſes to be gain'd:
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Courſe ſo infeſible
As this of force to win the Jezabel,
To ſtorm her heart, by th' Antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;
But rather ſtrive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her,
Your caſe is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witneſs the Accord.
Beſides two more of her Retinue,
To teſtifie what paſs'd between you.
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold:

For which ſo many that renounc'd
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd.
And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound:
And that, unleſs I miſs the mutter,
Is all the buſineſs you look after:
Beſides, Encounters at the Bar,
Are braver now, than thoſe in War,
In which the Law does Execution,
With leſs Diſorder and Confuſion:
Has more of Honour in't ſome hold,
Not like the New way, but the Old.
When thoſe the Pen had drawn together,
Divided Quarrels with the Feather,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead.
So all their Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen.
That does the Feat, with braver Vigour,
In words at length, as well as Figures.

Is Judge of all the World performs,
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatsoe're's atchiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right?
For whether you Prevail or Loſe,
All muſt be try'd there in the cloſe.
And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſhun,
What you muſt truſt to, ere y' have done.

The Law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo.
That makes the moſt perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as falſe, recover:
And if it judge upon your ſide,
Will ſoon extend her for your Bride:
And put her Perſon, Goods, or Lands,
Or which you like beſt int' your hands;

For Law's the Wiſdom of all Ages
And manag'd by the ableſt Sages,

Who through their Bus'neſs at the Bar.
Be but a kind of Civil War.
In which th'ingage with fiercer Dudgeon
Than e're the Grecians *did and* Trojans:
They never manage the Conteſt,
T'impair their publick Intereſt;
Or by their Controverſies, leſſen
The dignity of their Profeſſion:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cauſe and Side,
And though w'are all as near of Kindred
As the outward Man is to the Inward;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle fangle,
While Lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Than to argue at their own expence:
But make their beſt Advantages,
Of other quarrels, like the Swiſs,
And out of Foreign Controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their Purſes.

But have no int'reſt in the Cauſe,
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws:
Nor further Proſpect than their Pay,
Whether they loſe or win the Day.
And though th' abounded in all Ages,
With ſundry learned Clerks, and Sages;
Though all their buſineſs be Diſpute,
With which they canvas every Suit;
Th' have no diſputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert.
While all Profeſſions elſe are found,
With nothing but Diſputes t' abound;
Divines of all ſorts, and Phyſicians,
Philoſophers, Mathematicians;
The Galleniſt, and Paracelſian,
Condemn the way each other deals in.
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out Work to wrangle.
Aſtrologers diſpute their Dreams;
That in their ſleeps they talk of Schemes.

And Heralds stickle, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation
T' expose their Trade to Disputation;
Or make the busie Rabble Judges,
Of all their secret Piques, and Grudges:
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole Profession's sure to pay.

Beside, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences,
They swarm, like Insects, and Increase.
For what Bigot durst ever draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Answer to a Declaration?
For those that meddle with their Tools
Will cut their Fingers, if th' are Fools.

And

And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Answers, and Replies:
They'l write a Love-letter in Chancery
Shall bring her upon Oath to Answer ye.
And soon Reduce you to b'your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

The *Knight* who us'd with *Tricks*, and *Shifts*,
To Edifie by *Rulpho's Gifts*:
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All *Plagiary's* Constant Course
Of *sinking*, when they *take a Purse*)
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him in disguise:
And after stubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Transition, fall upon
The Resolution, as his own.

Quoth

Quoth he; *This Gambol thou adviſ'ſt,*
Is of all others, the unwiſeſt;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing ſillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence.
To act againſt my ſelf, and traverſe
My Suit and Title to her Favours.
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,
Orethrow me, as the Fidler did,

What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd;
Is ſillier than a ſcottiſh Chews.
Who when a Thief has Rob'd his houſe;
Applyes himſelf to Cunning-men
To help him to his Goods again.

When

When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain, by fair means, worſe:
But worſt of all, to give her over,
Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until th' are never to be won.
But ſince I have no other Courſe,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worſe:
He that complies againſt his Will,
Is of his own Opinion ſtill;
Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For Reaſons to himſelf beſt known:
But 'tis not to be avoided now,
For Sidrophel *reſolves to ſue:*
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin
Inevitably, firſt with him.

For

For I've receiv'd Advertisement,
By times, enough of his intent;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th' advantage of the business gains.
For Courts of Justice understand
The Plaintiff to be eldest hand;
Who what he pleases may averr
The other nothing till he swear:
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his place;
And for his bringing Custom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter or surprize.
And after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion;
Most apt, for what I have to do,
As Counsellor, and Justice too.

And

And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.

An *Old Dull Sot*; wh' had told the Clock,
For many years at *Bridewel-Dock*,
At *Westminster*, and *Hickses-Hall*,
And *Hiccius-Dockius* play'd in all;
Where in all *Governments, and Times*,
H' had been both *friend*, and *foe* to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By *hindring Justice*, or maintaining:
To many a Whore *gave Priviledge*,
And whip'd for *want of Quarteridge*,
Cart-loads of Bawds, to Prison sent
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent,
And many a trusty *Pimp* and *Croney*,
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of money.
Ingag'd the *Constable* to seize
All those, that would not break the Peace.

Nor

Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes *Commoners or Lords*:
And kept 'em Prisoners, of Course,
For being *sober at ill hours*.
That in the Morning he might Free,
Or bind 'em over, for his Fee.
Made *Monsters fine*, and *Puppet plays*,
For leave to practice, in their ways:
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a share,
With th' *Headborough* and *Scavenger*,
And made the Dirt i'th' Streets Compound,
For taking up the Publick Ground:
The *Kennel* and *the King's High-way*,
For being unmolested, Pay.
Let out *the Stocks*, and *Whipping-Post*,
And Gage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*.
And for *False Weights* on *Chandellers*.
Made *Victuallers*, and *Vintners Fine*
For Arbitrary *Ale* and *Wine*.

But

But was a kind and constant Friend
To all that *Regularly* offend:
As *Residentiary Bawds*,
And *Brokers that receive stoll'n Goods*;
That cheat in *Lawful Mysteries*,
And pay *Church-duties*, and *his Fees*;
But was implacable and auker'd
To all that *Interlop'd, and Hawker'd*.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counsel, in his *Law-Affairs*;
And found him mounted, *in his Pew*,
With *Books*, and *Money* plac'd, for shew,
Like *Nest-eggs*, to make *Clients lay*,
And for his false Opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put off his Hat, to put his Case:
Which he as prondly entertain'd,
As the other courteously strain'd.

And to assure him, 'twas not that
He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgel'd——Very well.
And now he brags, I have beaten me.
Better, and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a Wall
Whene're he meets me——*best of all.*
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath
That I rob'd him——*Well done in troth:*
When h' has confest he stole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took,
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my Goods again——*marry hang him:*
Now whether I should, before hand
Swear he rob'd me? I understand,
Or bring my Action of Conversion
And Trover for my Goods? Ah Whorson.

Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial?——Right,
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' State against him?——*True,*
Or whether he that is Defendant
In this Case, has the better end on't;
Who putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' Action——better still.
Then there's a Lady too.——I marry,
That's easily prov'd accessary.
A Widow, who by solemn Vows,
Contracted to me, for my Spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all——Good Lord,
Suborn'd the aforesaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the Dev'l of Hell,
Who put me into horrid fear,
Fear of my Life,—Make that appear.
Made an assault, with Fiends and Men,
Upon my body.——Good agen.

And kept me in a deadly fright
And falſe Impriſonment all Night,
Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horſe,
And ſtole my Saddle,—— worſe and worſe;
And made mount upon the bare-ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage.

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as Good, and Fair a Battery,
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt Man alive to claim.
For if th' have us'd you, as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,
I would it were my Caſe, I'd give,
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe.
I would ſo trounce her, and her Purſe,
I'ld make her kneel for better or worſe;
For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,

That you as ſure, may Pick and Chooſe,
As Croſs I win, and Pile you loſe.
And if I durſt, I would advance
As much, in Ready Maintenance;
As upon any Caſe I've known:
But we that practice dare not own,
The Law ſeverely contrabands,
Our taking Buſineſs off Mens hands;
'Tis Common barratry, that bears
Point blank an Action 'gainſt our Ears,
And crops them, till there is not Leather
To ſtick a Pin in, left of either;
For which, ſome do the Sommer-ſault
And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may ſwear at any rate
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Juſtice here
A Witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms:

I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat——)
For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side enclin'd,
Like charity, else right, and wrong,
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a slight,
Conveys Mens Interest, and Right,
From Stiles's Pocket, into Nokes's:
As easily as Hocus Pocus.
Plays fast and loose, makes Men Obnoxious,
And clear again, like Hiccius-Doctius.
Then whether you would take her life,
Or but recover, her for your Wife:
Or be content with what she has,
And let all others matters Pass,
The Business to the Law's alone,
The proof is all it look's upon.
And you can want no Witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please.

That hardly get their meer Expences
By th' Labor of their Conſciences,
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
To Affidavit Cuſtomers:
At inconſiderable values,
To ſerve for Jury-men, or Tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardeſt matters,
Of Truſtees, and Adminiſtrators:
For that, quoth he, *let me alone,*
W' have ſtore of ſuch, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,
The ableſt of Conſcience-ſtretchers.
That's well! Quoth he, *But I ſhould Gueſs,*
By weighing of Advantages.
Your ſureſt way is firſt to Pitch
On Bongey, *for a Water-witch:*
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her.
In th' Intrim; Spare *for no Trepans,*
To draw her Neck, into the Banes;

Ply

Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And Bait 'em well, for Quirks, and Quillets,
With Trains t' inveigle and surprise,
Her Heedless Answers, and Reply's:
And if she miss the Mousetrap-Lines,
They'll serve for other By-Designs:
And make an Artist understand,
To Copy out her Seal, or Hand:
Or find void Places in the Paper,
To steal in something to Intrap her.
'Till with her worldly Goods, and Body,
Spight of her heart, she has indow'd ye

Retain all sorts of Witnesses,
That ply ith' Temples, under Trees.
Or walk the Round, with Knights o'h Posts:
About the Cross-leg'd Knights, their hosts,
Or wait for Customers, between
The Piller-Rows in Lincolns-Inn.

Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,
And Affidavit-men, ne'r fail
T' expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears, and Cloaths.
Their only Necessary Tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.
And when y' are furnish'd with all Purveys
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A straw to understand a Case,
Without the admirabler skill
To Wind, and Manage it at Will:
To Vere, and Tack, and steer a Cause,
Against the Weather-gage of Laws;
And Ring the Changes upon Cases,
As plain, as Noses upon Faces.
As you have well instructed me,
For which you have earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee,

I long

I long to practice your advice
And try the subtle Artifice:
To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras *to his Lady.*

I Who was once as great as *Cæsar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezer*,
And from as fam'd a Conqueror
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his *Exercise in Battel*,
By you turn'd out to *Grass with Cattel.*
For since I am deny'd access
To all my Earthly Happiness.

Am

Am fallen from the *Paradise*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*.
Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent
To Everlasting Banishment,
Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' *have won*
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence,
That once I made a *Vow to you*,
Which yet is unperform'd *'tis true*;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So heinous, as you'ld have it thought,
To undergo the loss of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,
For there's a difference in the case
Between the *Noble*, and the *Base*:

Who

Who always are obſerv'd t' have don't,
Upon as different an account;
The one for *great, and weighty Cauſe*,
To ſalve in Honour *ugly Flaws*.
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe, who are niceſt of their Ho-
The other, for *baſe Gain*, and *Pay*, (nour.
Forſwear, and *Perjure*, *by the Day*;
And make th' expoſing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Conſciences, a Calling.

It is no *Scandal*, nor *Aſperſion*,
Upon a *Great and noble Perſon*,
To ſay, he Nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old faſhion'd trick, to keep his Word,
Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs, and ſhame,
In meaner Men, to do the ſame.
For to be able to *Forget*,
Is found more uſeful, to *the Great*:

Then

Then *Gout*, or *Deafness*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the *Law*, on Perjurers,
Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears*;
It is not *just*, that does exempt
The *Guilty*, *and punish the innocent*,
To make the Ears repair the wrong,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*;
And when one Member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of Law recover mine.
You're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little Honour by't.
For he that for his Ladies sake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at *Stake*,
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he *that pawns his Soul* to have her.
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:

But

But ſentence, what you rather ought
T' eſteem *good Service*, than a *Fault*.
Beſides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Senſe*, the words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' ingage.
And where the Senſe by Cuſtom's checkt,
Are found *void, and of none effect*.
For no Man takes, or keeps a Vow,
But juſt as he ſees others do,
Nor are th' oblig'd to be ſo brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little,
For as beſt temper'd Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So trueſt Oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
And though they *bow, are breaking-proof*.
Then wherefore ſhall they not b' allow'd
In love a greater Latitude?
For as the Law of Arms approves
All ways to Conqueſts, ſo *ſhould Loves*;

And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest, that prevails;

For how can that which is above,
All Empire, *High and Mighty Love*,
Submit its great Prerogative,
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place
Become the subject of a Case?
The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,
Be over-rul'd by those made after?
Commit the censure of *its Cause*
To any, but it's own *Great Laws*?
Love, that's the Worlds preservative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive?
Controuls the *Mighty pow'r of Fate*,
And gives Mankind a longer date.
The Life of Nature, that restores,
As fast as *Time* and *Death* devours,

To whoſe free gift, the World does ow
Not only Earth but Heav'n too:
For Love's the only Trade that's driven
The *Intereſt of State in Heaven,*
Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but *Love*
To repreſent the *Joys above?*
Or who, *but Lovers, can converſe,*
Like Angels: by the Eye Diſcourſe?
Addreſs, and complement by Viſion,
Make Love, and Court by intuition?
And burn in amorous Flames as fierce,
As thoſe Celeſtial Miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend
In order, to ſo *great an end?*
Or Heav'n it ſelf a Sin reſent,
That for its own ſupply was ment?
That merits in a kind miſtake,
A Pardon for the offences ſake.

Or

Or if it did not, but the *Cause*
Were left to th' injury *of Laws*,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws that are Inanimate,
And feel no sense of Love, or Hate:
That have no Passion of their own,
Not pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, or Criminals, as strict:
But to have *Power to forgive*,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in *Crowns, a nobler Jem,*
To grant a Pardon, then condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault.
For why should he, who made address
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return,
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,

Not ſtrive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his Deſign?
He who was us'd ſo unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters of Love-Powder*?
And after *letting Blood and Purging*,
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging*?
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd by *Goblins*, in the Night?
Inſulted on, Revil'd and Jeer'd,
With rude Invaſion of his Beard?
And when your Sex was foully ſcandal'd,
As foully by the Rabble handled?
Attack'd by deſpicable Foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his Gaurd?
When Horſes being *ſpurr'd* and *prick'd*,
Have leave to *kick* for being *kicked*;

Or why should you, whose *Mother Wits*
Are furnisht with all Perquisits?
That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
And *Nursing Babies*, that *Lie in*?
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our *Cully-Sex*, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail Vows,
Against your Stratagems t' oppose?
Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which, we are no less put down?
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill with a *Retreating Eye*;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into Ambushes,
As *Pyrates* all false Colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:
So Women, to surprize us, spread
Their *borrowed Flags, of White and Red.*

Dis-

Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grand-mothers, *the Pitts:*
And raiſe more Devils *with their Looks*,
Than *Conjurers leſs ſubtil Books*,
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,
In *Towrs, and Curls, and Perriwigs.*
With greater Art and cunning rear'd,
Than *Philip Ny's Thankſ-giving-beard*,
Prepoſt'rouſly t' intice, and Gain
Thoſe to adore 'em they diſdain:
And onely draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue,

A Lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his Miſtreſs, but the more a Slave,
And whatſoever ſhe commands
Becomes a Favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt, or juſt.

Then when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures, he would else forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when Necessity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *your great Ally, and yours*;
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withstood
By frail enamoured Flesh and Blood;
All I have done unjust or ill
Was in obedience to your Will;
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your Cruelty and you.

Nor are those Scandals I confest,
Against my Will, and Interest,
More than is daily done of course
By all men, when th' are under force.

Whence

Whence ſome, upon the Rack, confeſs
What th' *Hang-man and their Prompters pleaſe.*
But are no ſooner out of pain
Then they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confeſſor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no pleaſure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The firſt that on th' Adventure, went:
All Mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For what *Romance* can ſhew a Lover,
That had a *Lady to recover*,
And did not ſteer a nearer Courſe,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at firſt was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,
By Ravishing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd;
They ne'r *Forswore* themselves nor *Ly'd*,
Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*
Nor took the pains t' *address* and *sue*,
Nor plaid the Masquerade to wooe.
Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,
Nor juggled about Settlements:
Did need no *License*, nor no *Priest*,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist;
Nor Lawyers, *to joyn Land and Money*,
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*:
Before they setled Hands and Hearts,
Till *Alimony*, or *Death departs*:
Nor would endure to stay, until
Th' had got the very *Bride's* Good will.

But

But took a wise and shorter Course,
To win the Lady's, *Down-right Force.*
And justly made 'em Prisoners then,
As they have often since, us Men;
With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Jiggs*,
The luckiest of all Love's Intrigues:
And when they had them at their pleasure,
Then talkt of *Love, and Flames*, at leisure
For, after *Matrimony's* over;
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
Deserves for ev'ry *Minute, more*
Than *half a Year* of Love before;
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that best way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:
And such as all Posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them.——It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no Freedom of their own:
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuse,
But they no Charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course
So e'er we take to *your Amours*,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.
And that you ought to take that Course,
As we take you, *for Bett'r or Worse*;
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another chose:
For why should every savage Beast
Exceed his *Great Lord's Interest*?
Have freer Pow'r, than he, in *Grace*,
And Nature, o'er the Creature has?

Because

Becauſe the Laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute Dominion,
That Nature gave him, over Women.
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt Clauſe, is to rebell.
This, if Men rightly underſtood
Their Privilege, they would make good;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T'encroach on their Prerogatives.
For which Sin, they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery.
And this, ſome precious *Gifted Teachers*
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*;
And diſobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove
And make ye ſuffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault.

But, I forget my self, and rove
Beyond th' Instructions of my Love,
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame
Th' Extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of Love, and Temper too.
All I have said that's *bad*, *and true*,
Was never meant to aim *at you*;
Who have so Sov'rain a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours, *my Soul:*
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too.
Both with an equal Pow'r possest,
To render all that serve you Blest:
But none like him, who's destin'd, either
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.
And if you'l but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please,)

I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you *commanded*, and I *swore*,
And expiate upon my Skin,
The Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For, 'tis but juſt, that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing Penance for Delay.
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love.

The *Knight*, peruſing *this Epiſtle*,
Believ'd h' had brought her to *his Whiſtle*;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great applauſe t' himſelf, twice over;
Subſcrib'd his *Name*, but at a Fit,
And humble diſtance, *to his wit*;
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart:
Then ſeal'd it with *his Coat of Love*
A ſmoaking Faggot——and above

Upon

Upon a Scroll——*I burn, and weep,*
And near it——*For her Ladyship*;
Of all her Sex, most excellent,
These to her gentle Hands present.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Lessons how t'observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the Letter:
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least, her Sport.
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile, and leering Flout:
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

The

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THat you'r a *Beast*, and turn'd to *Grass*,
Is no strange News, nor ever was;
At least, to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound, *Replevin you.*
When both your *Sword, and Spurs*, were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th' Inevitable Death of Vermine:
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the Threds of *Pigs and Cows*;
By *Trulla* was, in *single Fight*,
Disarm'd and wrested *from its Knight.*

Your

Your Heels *Degraded* of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks, close Prisoners,
Where still th'had Layn in base Restraint,
If I, in pity of your Complaint,
Had not on Honourable Conditions,
Releast 'em from the worst of Prisons;
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you strove t'evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made:
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it;
But after own'd, and justify'd it;
And when y'had falsely broke one *Vow*,
Absolv'd your self by *breaking two*.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter for your *Ears*,
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due.

De-

Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us is th' only Course.
Who have no Title nor Pretence,
To *Body, Soul, or Conscience:*
But ought to fall to that Man's share,
That claims us for his proper Ware.
These are the Motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you use,
A pretty new way of *Gallanting,*
Between *Soliciting* and *Ranting;*
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
For *Charity* at once, and *threat.*
But since you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
In *War*, between two Enemies;
Or *Forfeitures,* which ev'ry Lover
That would but sue for, might recover.
It is not hard to understand
The *Myst'ry* of this Bold Demand:

That

That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.
'Tis not *those paultry counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set;
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
And set your Amorous Heart on fire.
Nor can those false St. *Martins Beads*,
Which on our Lips you laid *for Reds*;
And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fewel to your Scorching Flames,
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with:
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects,
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our *Hair*,
The *Perewigs you make us wear:*
But those bright Guinneys in our Chests,
That light the Wild-Fire in your Breasts.

These Love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly *Intrigues* I know.
And can unriddle, by *their Tones*,
The *Mystick Cabals, and Jargones.*
Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds:
What Raptures fond, and Amorous
O'th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my House.
What *Exstacy*, and *Scorching Flame*
Burns for my *Mony, in my Name.*
What from th' unnatural desire
To *Beasts* and Cattel, take its fire.
What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
Longs for a *thousand Pound a Year.*
And Languishing Transports are fond
Of *Statute, Mortgage, Bill and Bond.*
These are th' Attracts which most Men fall
Inamour'd, at first sight, withal.
To these th' address with *Serenades*,
And Court with *Balls* and *Masquerades*;

And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y'have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain:
I fear they'l prove so nice and coy,
To *have and hold, and to enjoy*;
That all *your Oaths*, and *Labour lost*,
They'l ne'er turn *Ladies of the post*.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of Mankind study't as an Art.
For Love should, *like a Deodand*,
Still fall to th' *owner of the Land*:
And where there's Substance for its Ground
Cannot but be more firm, and sound,
Than that which has the slighter Basis
Of *Airy Vertue, Wit and Graces*:
Which is of such thin Subtilty,
It steals and creeps in at the Eye.
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as *Nick* may.

But

But Love, that its Extraction owns
From ſolid *Gold, and precious Stones*;
Muſt, like its ſhining Parents prove
As *Solid*, and as *Glorious Love.*
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' expreſs
Our *Charms* and *Graces*, but by theſe:
For, what are *Lips*, and *Eyes* and *Teeth*,
Which *Beauty* invades, and *conquers* with?
But *Rubies*, *Pearls* and *Diamonds*;
With which a *Philter Love commands?*
This is the way all Parents prove,
In imagining their Children's Love;
That force 'em t' *inter-marry and wed*,
As if th' were *Bur'ing of the Dead.*
Caſt *Earth to Earth*, as in the *Grave*,
To joyn in Wedlock all they have.
And when the Settlement's in force,
Take all the reſt, *For Better, or Worſe*;
For Mony has a Power above
The *Stars and Fate*, to manage *Love*:

Whose Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miss, are *tipp'd with Gold.*
And tho some say, the Parents claims
To make Love in their Children's Names.
Who, many times, at once, provide
The *Nurse*, *the Husband*, *and the Bride.*
Feel *Darts and Charms*, *Attracts* and *Flames*;
And *woo*, and *contract*, *in their Names.*
And as they *Christen*, use to marry 'em,
And, like their *Gossips*, answer for 'em:
Is not to give in Matrimony;
But sell and *prostitute* for Mony.
'Tis better than their own Betrothing;
Who often do't for worse than nothing.
And when th' are at their own Dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right! But for the Course
You take to do't, by Fraud or Force:
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done.

No

No more than *Setters* can betray,
That tell what Tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a Vow;
Which all Men either *break*, or *bow*:
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who *perjure*, when they do but *woo*?
Such as, beforehand, *ſwear and lye*,
For *Earneſt* to their Treachery:
And, rather than a Crime confeſs,
With greater, ſtrive to make it leſs.
Like Thieves, who, after Sentence paſt,
Maintain their Innocence to the laſt.
And when their Crimes were made appear
As plain as Witneſſes can ſwear.
Yet, when the Wretches come to dye,
Will take upon their Deaths a Lye.
Nor are the Vertues, you confeſt
T' your *Ghoſtly Father*, as you gueſt,
So ſlight, as to be juſtify'd,
By being, as ſhamefully, deny'd.

As if you thought your Word would pass
Point-blank, on both sides, of a Case,
Or Credit were not to be lost,
B' a *Brave Knight Errant of the past.*
That *eats*, perfidiously, his *Word*,
And *swears his Ears through a two Inch Board:*
Can own the same thing, and disown;
And perjure Booty, *Pro and Con.*
Can make the *Gospel* serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn;
When 'tis *laid hands upon, and kiss'd,*
To be betray'd, and sold, like Christ.

These are the Vertues, in whose Name
A Right to all the World you claim:
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In *Grace* and *Nature*, o'er all Women.
Of whom, no less will satisfie,
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'l find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,

To govern such a numerous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wise* and *Great* as he was once,
You'll find Th' are able to subdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight.
For, when we find y' are still more taken
With false Attracts of our own making;
Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid in on:
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us in our own Defences,
To *copy Beams* and *Influences*;
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces:

And, in compliance to your Wit,
Your own falſe Jewels counterfeit.
For, by the practice of thoſe Arts,
We gain a greater ſhare of Hearts:
And thoſe deſerve in reaſon moſt,
That greateſt pains and ſtudy coſt;
For, great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Preſent to be given.
Nor are thoſe *Maſter-ſtrokes of Beauty*
To be perform'd without *hard Duty*:
Which, when th'are nobly done, and well,
The ſimple Natural excel.
How fair and ſweet *the planted Roſe*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges grows?
For, without Art, the Nobleſt Seeds
Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds:
How dull and rugged e'er 'tis Ground?
And Poliſh'd, looks a Diamond?
Though *Paradiſe* was e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo without Care.

The

The whole World, without *Art* and *Dreſs*,
Would be but one great *Wilderneſs*.
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd.
This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Deſign*,
Leave *Art* to *Poliſh*, and *Refine*,
Though Women firſt were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for them agen:
For when (out-*witted by his Wife*)
Man firſt turn'd *Tenant*, but, *for Life*.
If Women had not interven'd,
How ſoon had Mankind had an end?
And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone, you are *in Debt*,
Then where's your liberty of Choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the *Privilege* you *boaſt*,
And falſly *uſurp'd*, or *vainly loſt*,
Is now our Right; to *whoſe Creation*,
You owe your *Happy Reſtoration*.

And

And if we had not weighty Cause
To not appear in making Laws,
We could, in ſpight of all your *Tricks*,
And *Shallow*, *Formal Politicks*;
Force you, our *Managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (in ſhew) give way.
Hence 'tis, that while you vainly ſtrive
T'advance your *high Prerogative*,
You baſely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own your ſelves our Slaves.
And 'cauſe we do not make it known
Nor Publickly our Intireſts own;
Like Sots, ſuppoſe we have no ſhares
In *ord'ring you*, and *your Affairs*:
When all your Empire and Command
You have from us at *Second Hand*,
As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers:
And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like every common *Mariner*;

Knew

Knew nothing of the *Card* nor *Stir*;
And did not guide the *Man of War*.
Nor we, because we don't appear
In *Councels*, do not govern there.
While like the Mighty *Prester John*,
Whose Person none dares look upon;
But is preserv'd in *Close Disguise*
From being made *cheap* to vulger Eyes.
W' enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
To *govern him*, as *he does* Men:
And, in the Right of our *Pope Joan*,
Make *Emp'rors* at our feet fall down.
Or *Joan the Pucel's* braver Name,
Our Right to *Arms* and *Conduct* claim
Who, though a *Spinster*, yet was able,
To serve *France* for a *Grand Constable*.
We make and execute *all Laws*;
Can *judge the Judges*, and the *Cause*.
Prescribe all Rules of *Right* or *Wrong*,
To th' *Long Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue*;

'Gainst

'Gainſt which the World *has no defence*,
But our more *pow'rful Eloquence*.
We manage things of greateſt weight
In all the World's *Affairs of State*.
Are Miniſters of War and Peace,
That ſway *all Nations* how they pleaſe.
We rule *all Churches*, and *their Flocks*,
Heretical, and *Orthodox*.
And are the *Heavenly Vehicles*
O' th' *Spirit*, *in all Conventicles*.
By us is all *Commerce* and *Trade*
Improv'd, and *manag'd*, and *decay'd*.
For, nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that Price, *as what we ſell*.
We rule in ev'ry *Publick Meeting*,
And make Men do what we judge fitting.
Are Magiſtrates in all great Towns;
Where Men do nothing but *wear Gowns*.
We make the *Man of War ſtrike Sail*,
And to our braver Conduct *vail*.

And

And, when h'has chac'd his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.
Is there an *Officer of State*,
Untimely rais'd; or *Magistrate*,
That's *Haughty, and Imperious?*
He's but a *Journey-man* to us.
That, as he gives us cause to do't,
Can *keep him in*, or *turn him out.*

We are your *Guardians*, that *increase*,
Or *Waste* your Fortunes, how we please,
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters *ill or well.*

'Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your *Heirs* shall be your *own.*
To whose Integrity you must,
In spight of all your Caution, trust,
And 'less you *fly beyond the Seas*,
Can fit you which what Heirs we please:
And force you t'owrem, though begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Irish Foot-men.*

Nor

Nor can the rigorousest Course
Prevail, unless to make us worse.
Who, still the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from being reduc'd:
And scorn t' abate, for any Ills,
The least *Punctilio of our Wills.*
Force does but whet our Wits to apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
Which all your Politicks, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat.
For, when y' have try'd *all sorts of ways,*
What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the Sword,
To fight our Battels in our steads,
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads:
Encounter in despight of Nature;
And fight at once with Fire and Water,
With Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride and Vanity t' appease.

Kill

Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and best Thoughts;
To do your Exercise for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known:
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your Projects are preposterous.
To square the Circle of the Arts;
And run stark mad to shew your Parts,
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which way we see Cause.
Be our Sollicitors, and Agents,
And stand for us in all Engagements.
And these are all the *Mighty Powers,*
You vainly boast, to cry down ours.
And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting:
Because your selves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's Pride:

Believe

Believe we have as little Wit
To be *Out-Hector'd*, and *Submit*:
By your *Example*, lose that Right
In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight*:
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on our selves a *Salick Law*,
Or, as some Nations use, give place,
And truckle to *your Mighty* Race.
Let Men usurp th' unjust Dominion,
As if they were *the better Women*.

FINIS.